

"Honoring Mr. Stoddard," with portrait-group

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

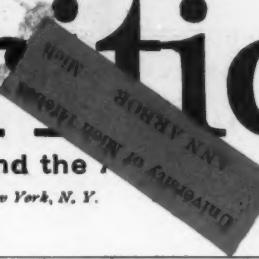
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THE APRIL NUMBER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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"A PROFESSOR OF BOOKS"—EMERSON

In glancing through one of the early volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," we met, in the Emerson section, an extract from one of the sage's fine pages that ran in this wise:

"Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted."

It is doubtful if any phrase could so happily describe at once the function and the achievement of Mr. Warner in his new and great work. He himself is essentially a "professor of books," although the charm of his work hastened to make us forget his wide and varied learning. And knowing not only books but living writers and critics as well, Mr. Warner has gathered around him as advisers and aids other "professors of books," not men of the Dryasdust school, but those who possess the same salient charm and graphic power as himself.

The result of this remarkable literary movement has been to provide the great reading public, the busy public of ever scant leisure, with just what Emerson declared more than half a century ago we so much needed, namely, a guide to the best reading.

Emerson indeed likens a library of miscellaneous books to lottery wherein there are a hundred blanks to one prize, and finally exclaims that "some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities into palaces and temples."

This is precisely what Mr. Warner's new library does in the fine, critical articles which preface the master-works of the greatest writers.

Think what is here accomplished. In the case of Emerson himself, the general voice has proclaimed his two volumes of "Essays" a requisite for every library. But if we have the wish to go farther and know more of the work of our greatest man of letters, what volume shall we select? There are ten or eleven others to choose from. Looking into Mr. Warner's Library we find that Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, a life-long student and biographer of Emerson, has written a critique that gives us exactly what we wish to know.

Again, take the case of the man who occupies in German life the same place as the Sage of Concord in American life. All told, Goethe's writings comprise seventy compact volumes. Emerson himself, in one of those delightful letters he wrote to Carlyle, tells how, after years of effort, "he has succeeded in getting through thirty-five," and despairs of the other half! But who, even among those who call themselves well read, have despatched thirty-five volumes of the great German, or even half or third of thirty-five? Nevertheless, we do not like to remain without at least a general and historical view of Goethe's tremendous activity, and, furthermore, if we go beyond "Faust" or "Wilhelm Meister," we are—the most of us—lost in a sea of conjecture as to which of the remaining sixty-eight volumes we shall attack.

How happily has Mr. Warner here come to our relief! He has chosen to prepare the Goethe section for the Library, no less a scholar than Prof. Edwin Dowden of Dublin, the President of the Goethe Society of England. The assignment was most fitting, as no Englishman since Carlyle is so well versed in all that pertains to the great German, none knows better of his strength and power, none better his shortcomings and his weaknesses. Here we have the distilled essence of his criticism, together with Professor Dowden's choice of what is of paramount and lasting value in the legacy Goethe has left to us.

Professor Evans, of Munich, performs for us a like service with Schiller. Prof. Maurice Francis Egan does the same with Calderon. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard with Dante. Prof. Santayana with Cervantes. The historian Lecky with Gibbon. Charlton T. Lewis with Bacon, and so on. Never, it seems to us, was so much talent, such an array of eminent names pressed into service for the production of such compact and pregnant exposition and criticism.

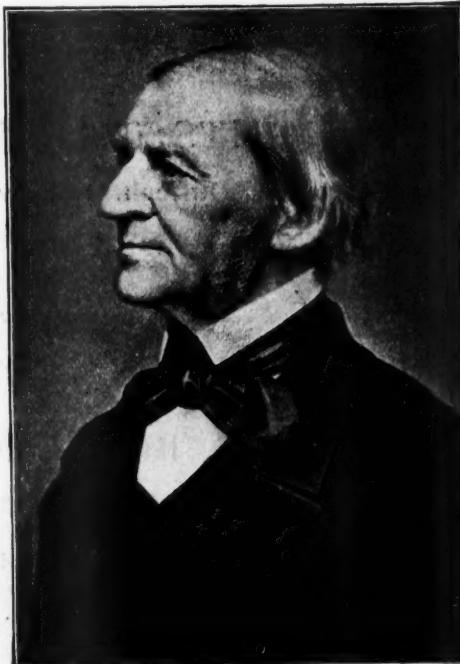
It would be a great mistake, however, to believe that the new Library which Mr. Warner and his associates have prepared has to do with nothing but the "classics." Here, for instance, is Dumas the elder. Who is there that has not fallen a victim to the stirring romances of "The Three Musketeers" and their extensive kin? Many of us, when we have once got into their companionship, hardly know where to stop. But we do not want to be misled into reading an immense number of worthless and mediocre stories that Dumas, in the burst of his fame, was led to palm off as his own, though they were in reality the work of others. There never was a more delightful "professor of books" than Andrew Lang, and we doubt if there is any one living who could tell us so much as he has told us in the Library of what is interesting and what we wish to know of Dumas.

We cross from the field of romance over into that of poetry, and the first name we chance upon is that of Wordsworth, one of the greatest poets who ever lived—no one questions that. And yet what great poet ever left so much fine wheat mixed with so much chaff? Dr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the London *Spectator*, and one of the sanest and most appreciative of living critics, has chosen for this Library the best of Wordsworth poetry, and has planned such further journeys through the poet's writings as the reader may wish to take.

And so we might go on. But we think we have made clear to the reader that which struck us so forcibly when we looked into the Emerson section, namely, how finely Mr. Warner has, in his Library, succeeded in satisfying the great want which Emerson there so well voiced—that of a "professor of books." Exactly as the professor of chemistry or physics or astronomy or biology gives the student a view of the whole field of his science, the summary of its achievements, its great names and its great works, so Mr. Warner and his associates have given us the distillation not merely of the whole world's literature, in itself a colossal attempt, but, in addition, its history, biography, and criticism as well. It is only when we grasp its full import that we realize the truly vast and monumental character of the Library. It must assuredly rank as one of the most notable achievements of the century.

The wide spread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes is clearly indicated by the number and the character of letters which are received daily by Harper's Weekly Club, through which Mr. Warner's Library is being distributed, from all parts of the world.

The first edition of an important and costly work like the Library is indisputably the most valuable because printed from the new, fresh plates, thus bringing out both type and engravings with noticeable clearness and beauty. The superiority of first editions is best shown by the universal custom of publishers to demand more for them than for those issued later. But the publishers of Mr. Warner's Library have actually so reduced the price of their most valuable and desirable first edition, that just at present it is obtainable for about half of the regular subscription price, and the additional privilege of easy monthly payments is also accorded. The material concessions are made so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection. But as only a few of these introductory sets from the much-sought-after first edition now remain it becomes necessary for readers who desire a particularly choice set of the work (and at about half price besides) to write at once for particulars to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON



NEW YORK
FOR SALE AT
THE OFFICE AND
AT BRENTANO'S

The Critic

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SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897

LONDON
FOR SALE BY
B. F. STEVENS
4 TRAFALGAR SQ.

Pegasus

"*Possunt quia posse Videntur.*"—ÆNEAD, BOOK V.

WITH high-arched neck and curving flank,
With flowing mane and tail,
And nostrils wide, as if he drank
Incitement from the gale,
His slender limbs and dainty feet
Seem urgent for the sign;
His eyes of flame undaunted meet
The questioning looks in thine.
They dare thee mount. Away, away!
Whoever will do, can!
He is no more than horse, to-day:
Thou art no less than man!

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

Honoring Mr. Stoddard

THE POET IN HIS LIBRARY

I USED to see a good deal of Mr. Stoddard when I first come to New York to live, but had not had the pleasure of talking with him—for to talk with him is, indeed, a pleasure—for a long time, until the day before the Authors Club's dinner in his honor, when I went over to his house in East 15th Street. I found him in the same room, in the same chair, too, unless I am mistaken, in which I first saw him. It is so surprising to find a man living in the same house in New York for more than two years, that I could not but express my astonishment to Mr. Stoddard. "I have lived in this house for twenty-five years," he said; "I am a creature of habit. The old place fits me, and I stay on. My books and furniture have grown into their places; they and the rooms have become old together. They would look very much out of place in a modern house." They certainly looked very well satisfied with their present surroundings, and I could not but think that it would be a pity to disturb them.

Mr. Stoddard's library, or study, runs across the whole front of the second story of his house. It faces the south, and the sun pours in through its three windows all day long. Considering all that he has gone through in the last few years, Mr. Stoddard is looking remarkably well. It was only a short time ago that he was knocked down and run over in the street, and last winter he had an operation performed upon his eyes that confined him to the hospital for many weeks. Then he is a martyr to rheumatism. For years he was unable to use his right hand, and was obliged to do all his writing with his left. Now he is using his right again, but it is a very painful operation. To save moving his hand back and forth over the page, he writes in almost microscopic letters. He can get more words on a small sheet than any man I ever knew, but his writing is the despair of the compositor.

"Why don't you dictate?" I asked.

"Simply because I cannot," he answered. "I must see the page fill before my eyes. It helps me to think. It is rather odd, but I can dictate verse. I suppose that is because I think my lines out well before I begin to write them. Last winter, when I was in the insane asylum—I beg its pardon,—the hospital, Mrs. Stoddard came to see me every day, and I nearly always dictated verses to her that had been running through my head while I lay there alone. I have written some verses to speak at the dinner to-morrow night, because I could not make a speech. I could not speak off-hand, and I could not commit prose to memory. With a speech hanging over my head, I could not enjoy my dinner,

but with only some verses to repeat that are already in my mind, I can have a good time."

"How about your work for *The Mail and Express*?"

"I write several columns a week," he answered. "It's slow work, but I manage to get it done. I read in the daytime and write at night. Somehow or other I can see to write better by lamp-light. Yes," he continued in answer to my question on that point, "I have been writing for *The Mail and Express* for nearly nineteen years. I wrote for it when it was *The Express*, and afterwards when it was *The Mail*, and write for it now that it is both. I used to go to the office every day, but I seldom get there now. I don't like to venture out in these days of cable-cars. My sight is very bad, and I don't always see things before they are upon me. It makes me nervous, so I confine my walks to the park around the corner. When I do go downtown, I take a cab."

Mr. Stoddard's recollections of New York go back to 1841. He has known all the famous men and women of letters who flourished then and have flourished since. His rooms are fragrant with their memories. One of his greatest treasures is not of an American man-of-letters, however. It is of the great, the only Thackeray, and consists of the manuscript of "Charlotte and Werther." This is framed in with Lawrence's portrait of Thackeray. Then he has the original manuscript of Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," the torn manuscript of one of Burns's poems, and a page of the manuscript of "Oliver Twist." In Sheridan's own hand he has the famous lines from "Clio's Protest"—

"You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curse hard reading."

This couplet is usually written with "damned" instead of "curst" in the last line.

Among his American manuscripts Mr. Stoddard has "The Courtin'" from "The Biglow Papers," the whole of Bayard Taylor's "Poems of the Orient," some of Bryant's poems and, of course, many of his friend, Edmund Clarence Stedman. Not the least interesting of Mr. Stoddard's treasures are the portraits of a past generation of literary men taken in their early manhood, and not the least interesting of these is one of himself, though Mrs. Stoddard says that it never looked like him.

Over Mr. Stoddard's mantelpiece is a frame full of portraits of his son Lorimer, of whom he is justly proud. Lorimer Stoddard was at one time an actor, and these pictures represent him in various costumes. The fact that he was an actor has helped him immensely in his work as a dramatist. It has taught him stage business and the value of action. I doubt if he will ever return to the stage as an actor; play-writing is much more to his taste. The success of his dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been noised abroad, and he has just had a request from Mme. Duse for permission to put the play into Italian. To have Mme. Duse act in one's play is something to have lived for.

Mr. Stoddard is blessed in his family. His wife is not only his devoted companion, but shares with him the applause of the cultured for her admirable work in prose and verse. She is the author of several powerful novels and has a remarkable mastery of blank-verse. With such a wife and such a son, no wonder that Mr. Stoddard's home life is particularly happy. I am not surprised to hear that he only gets to his club two or three times a year. J. L. G.

THE DINNER

THE AUTHORS CLUB honored itself when it gave a public dinner to Richard Henry Stoddard—its only active member



THE STODDARD FAMILY AT HOME

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH BYRON

who has ever been promoted to honorary membership—on March 25, at the Hotel Savoy in this city. The plan of a dinner offered to him by his fellow-members had been suggested at first, but when this project became known, the interest in it shown by a larger public became so great that the Club decided not to restrict the homage due to the poet, but to admit all his admirers, whether members or not. Thus it came to pass that about 140 people prominent in many walks of life sat down to the dinner, which was pre-

sided over by Mr. E. C. Stedman, at whose right sat the guest of the evening. Seated with them at the table of honor were Messrs. Parke Godwin, F. R. Stockton, Lawrence Hutton, R. W. Gilder, Edward Dickinson, C. G. Whiting, C. P. Daly, G. H. Putnam, F. H. Williams, ex-Judge H. E. Howland, Richard Harvey, O. G. Kiliani and Lorimer Stoddard, the poet's son. The remaining guests were seated at four tables running at right angles with the principal one. They were:—

Henry Abbey	E. S. Burgess	A. S. Frissell	William L. Keese	W. A. Stiles
R. C. Alexander	William Carey	J. F. Genung	Samuel Keyser	Dr. D. Stimson
W. W. Appleton	Edward Cary	F. H. Gibbens	H. King	F. H. Stoddard
S. P. Avery	E. C. Chamberlain	C. D. Gibson	C. B. Lamborn	J. M. Stoddart
C. O. Baker	J. D. Champlin	G. R. Gibson	J. E. Learned	Oscar Straus
J. D. Barry	J. Wells Champney	J. B. Gilder	W. Logan	S. H. Thayer
Francis Bellamy	Beverly Chew	F. Gotthold	Arthur Lord	D. G. Thompson
A. S. Bickmore	C. H. Clapp	H. E. Gregory	J. M. Ludlow	Clifford Thomson
William Bispham	T. B. Clarke	J. S. Greves	M. Maberry	Dr. W. G. Thompson
T. J. Bixbey	T. F. Clarke	F. W. Halsey	H. W. Mabie	Spencer Trask
S. R. Blackett	T. M. Coan	J. Henry Harper	Prof. E. A. MacDowell	G. H. Trautman
C. W. Bowen	E. W. Coggeshall	Thos. Hastings	T. MacManus	S. C. Truax
R. R. Bowker	F. H. Cogswell	Richard Harvey	Henry Marquand	G. M. Vanderslip
J. H. Bridge	Charles Collins	G. H. Hazen	W. D. McCrackan	J. C. Van Dyke
R. Bridges	T. B. Connery	Dr. E. Herrick	Theo. H. Mead	A. S. van Westrum
H. S. Brooks	W. E. Dodge	Ripley Hitchcock	Walter McDougall	Col. G. E. Waring, Jr.
W. C. Brownell	H. W. Domett	Henry Holt	W. H. McElroy	G. W. Warren
J. N. Bruce	R. E. A. Dorr	Bronson Howard	W. S. Moody	J. S. White
C. F. Brusie	Samuel Elliott	W. R. Hutton	Thomas Moran	F. H. Wiggin
Lloyd Bryce	Smith Ely	Brayton Ives	A. C. Morgan	W. C. Witter
C. C. Buel	C. B. Foote	Rossiter Johnson	J. H. Morse	
W. T. Bulkeley		R. U. Johnson	Thomas Nelson Page	

As was to be expected, the speeches were excellent. Mr. Stedman's tribute is reprinted in the following columns, as is, also, Mr. Stoddard's poem. Ex-Judge Howland, the Secretary of the Century Club, who had risen from a sick-bed to represent that association at the dinner, made a felicitous speech, in which he mentioned the fact that his friendship with Mr. Stoddard dated from forty years back—three years more than Mr. Stedman's. He paid an eloquent tribute, also, to Mrs. Stoddard, who, with Mrs. Stedman and a few other ladies, watched the dinner from a balcony box in a corner of the room. Mr. Parke Godwin mentioned the fact that he had personally known the founders and earliest exponents of our literature—Irving, Cooper, Bancroft, Haleck, Bryant—as well as Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and many of their followers, and told of the earlier days of *The Evening Post*, when, under his editorship, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman, Artemas Ward, Bronson Howard, Cornelius Mathews and Herman Melville were on its staff. He also said that at the present time the world talked much about evolution; but he doubted whether there had been any evolution in genius since the days of Cooper and Irving, to say nothing of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe.

Mr. Laurence Hutton, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Authors Club,—its virtual President,—told of his first meeting with Mr. Stoddard, which was brought about by an accident. Mr. Hutton thought that an invitation sent to Mr. Joseph Hatton was meant for himself, and it was only fourteen years later that he discovered his mistake. He brought in an apt reference to his collection of death-masks, and ended with a hearty tribute to Mrs. Stoddard.

The other speakers were Messrs. R. W. Gilder, who spoke of Mr. Stoddard's poetry; Thomas Nelson Page, who eulogized the New York publishers; F. Hopkinson Smith, Frank R. Stockton, G. H. Putnam, C. G. Whiting, whose claim of Mr. Stoddard for Massachusetts because he was born there, was courteously but firmly denied by Mr. Stedman with Thomas Heywood's well-known couplet, "Seven cities warred for Homer"; Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, who spoke at length of Mr. Stoddard's great influence on the young Canadian poets of to-day; and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who quoted Hegel's saying, "The old age of the body may be weakness, but the old age of the spirit is perfect maturity and power," with an appropriateness that was at once recognized and acclaimed by all present.

Throughout the evening, the speakers alluded more than once to Mrs. Stoddard's work as poet and novelist—the equal of Poe and Charlotte Brontë. Judge Howland called her,—and the dinner may be said to have been in her honor as well as in that of her illustrious husband. Their talented son also was called upon to speak, but merely thanked the company for its courtesy. The more formal of the speeches of the evening are appended, together with the poems and letters of regret that were read by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, to whose initiative the dinner was due, and to whose energy and tact, as well as to that of Messrs. Stedman and Edward Cary, its success was largely owing.

The souvenirs of the evening were a book and an inkstand, in which the sherbet and ices were served; both were decorated with bits of the red, white and blue, and the latter bore the name of the Authors Club on its cover, on which was throned, of course, Minerva's owl. The menu bore the following quotations from Mr. Stoddard's own writings:

" Spirits such as his remain
In the noble things they wrought,
Whereof the whole to men belong;
His in grave and gracious thought,
And in the high, poetic strain
That is the burden of his song."

"Whom the gods love die young,' we have been told,
And wise of some the saying seems to be,
Of others foolish; as it is of thee,
Who proven hast whom the gods love live old."

The Critic

THE SPEECHES

Mr. Stedman's opening speech was as follows:—

The members of the Authors Club are closely associated tonight with many other citizens in a sentiment felt by one and all—that of attachment and reverence for the chief guest of the evening. He has our common pride in his fame. He has what is, I think, of even more value to him, our entire affection. We have heard something of late concerning the "banquet habit," and there are banquets which make it seem to the point. But there are also occasions which transfigure even custom, and make it honored "in the observance." Nor is this a feast of the habitual kind, as concerns its givers, its recipient, and the city in which it is given. The Authors Club, with many festivals counted in its private annals, now, for the first time, offers a public tribute to one of its own number; in this case, one upon whom it long since conferred a promotion to honorary membership. As for New York, warden of the gates of the ocean, and by instinct and tradition first to welcome the nation's visitors, it constantly offers bread and salt—yes, and speeches—to authors, as to other guests, from older lands, and many of us often have joined in this function. But we do not remember that it has been a habit for New York to tender either the oratorical bane or the gustatory antidote to her own writers. Except within the shade of their own coverts they have escaped these offerings, unless there has been something other than literary service to bring them public recognition. In the latter case, as when men who are or have been members of our Club become Ambassadors, because they are undeniably fitted for the missions to Great Britain and France, even authors are made to sit in state. To-night's gathering, then, is, indeed, exceptional, being in public honor of an American author here resident—of "one of our own,"—who is not booked for a foreign mission, nor leaving the country, nor returning, nor doing anything more unusual than to perform his stint of work, and to sing any song that comes to him—as he tells us,

"Not because he woos it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still."

Our homage is rendered, with love and enthusiasm, for his service to "mere literature"—for his indomitable devotion throughout half a century to the joy and toil of his profession, in which he has so fought the fight and kept the faith of a working man of letters. It is rendered to the most distinguished poet of his country and generation still remaining with us and still in full voice. It is rendered to the comrade—to the man who, with his modesty and fortitude and the absence of self-seeking—with the quips and quirks that cover his gravest moods, with his attachment for the city which has given him that which Lamb so loved, "the sweet security of streets"—it is rendered, I say, to the man who best preserves for us, in his living presence, the traditions of all that an English-speaking poet and book-fellow should be to constitute a satisfying type. There is, perhaps, special fitness in our gathering at this time. I sometimes have thought upon the possible career of our poet if his life had been passed in the suburbs of the down-east Athens, among serenities and mutualities so auspicious to the genius and repute of that shining group lately gathered to the past. One thing is certain, he would not have weathered his seventieth birthday, at any season, without receiving such a tribute as this, nor would a public dinner have reminded him of days when a poet was glad to get any dinner at all. Through his birth, Massachusetts claims her share in his distinction. But, having been brought to New York in childhood, he seems to have reasoned out for himself the corollary to a certain famous epigram, and to have thought it just as well to stay in the city which resident Bostonians keep as the best place to go to while still in the flesh. Probably he had not then realized the truth, since expressed in his own lines:

"Yes, there's a luck in most things, and in none
More than in being born at the right time."

His birthday, in fact, comes in midsummer, when New York is more inert than an analytic novel. This dinner, then, is one of those gifts of love which are all the more unstinted because by chance deferred.

It was in the order of things, and no cause for blame, that, after this town passed from the provincial stage, there was so long a period when it had to be, as De Quincey said of Oxford Street, a stony-hearted mother to her bookmen and poets; that she had few posts for them and little of a market. Even her colleges had not the means, if they had the will, to utilize their talents and acquirements. We do owe to her newspapers and magazines, and now and then to the traditional liking of Uncle Sam for his books

ish offspring, that some of them did not fall by the way, even in that arid time succeeding the Civil War, when we learned that letters were foregone not only *inter arma*, but for a long while afterward. Those were the days when English went untaught, and when publishers were more afraid of poetry than they now are of verse. Yet here is one who was able to live through it all, and now sees a changed condition, to the evolution of which he contributed his full share. But he is no more a child of the past than of the present, nor need he repine like Cato, as one who has to account for himself to a new generation. He is with us and of us, and in the working ranks, as ever.

For all this he began long enough ago to have his early poetry refused by Poe, because it was too good to be the work of an obscure stripling, and to have had Hawthorne for his sponsor and friend. His youth showed again how much more inborn tendency has to do with one's life than any external forces—such as guardianship, means, and what we call education. The thrush takes to the bough, wheresoever hatched and fledged. Many waters cannot quench genius, neither can the floods drown it. The story of Dickens's boyhood, as told by himself, is not more pathetic—nor is its outcome more beautiful—than what we know of our guest's experiences—his orphanage, his few years' meagre schooling, his work as a boy in all sorts of shifting occupations, the attempt to make a learned blacksmith of him, his final apprenticeship to iron-molding, at which he worked on the East Side from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year. As Dr. Griswold put it, he began to mold his thoughts into the symmetry of verse while he molded the molten metal into shapes of grace. Mr. Stoddard, however, says that a knowledge of foundries was not one of the learned Doctor's strong points. Yet the young artisan somehow got hold of books, and not only made poetry, but succeeded in showing it to such magnates as Park Benjamin and Willis. The kindly Willis said that he had brains enough to make a reputation, but that "writing was hard work to do, and ill paid when done." But the youth was bound to take the road to Arcady. He asked for nothing better than this ill-paid craft. His passion for it, doubtless, was strengthened by his physical toil and uncongenial surroundings. For one, I am not surprised that his early verse, which is still retained in his works, breathes the spirit of Keats, though where and how this strayed singer came to study that most perfect and delicate of masters none but himself can tell. The fact remains that he somehow, also, left his molding and trusted to his pen. To use his own words, he "set resolutely to work to learn the only trade for which he seemed fitted—that of literature." From that time to this, a half-century, he has clung to it. Never in his worst seasons did he stop to think how the world treated him, or that he was entitled to special providences. He accepted poverty or good luck with an equal mind, content with the reward of being a reader, a writer, and, above all, a poet. He managed not to loaf, and yet to invite his soul—and his songs are evidence that the invitation was accepted. If to labor is to pray, his industry has been a religion, for I doubt if there has been a day in all these fifty years when, unless disabled bodily, he has not worked at his trade. We all know with what results. He has earned a manly living from the first, and therewithal has steadily contributed a vital portion to the current, and to the enduring, literature of his land and language. There was one thing that characterized the somewhat isolated New York group of young writers in his early prime—especially himself and his nearest associates, such as Taylor and Boker, and, later, Aldrich and Winter. They called themselves squires of poesy, in their romantic way, but they had neither the arrogance nor the chances for self-heralding, more common in these chipper modern days. They seem to have followed their art because they adored it, quite as much as for what it could do for them.

Of Mr. Stoddard it may be said that there have been few important literary names and enterprises, North or South, but he has "been of the company." If he found friends in youth, he has abundantly repaid his debt in helpful counsel to his juniors—among whom I am one of the eldest and most grateful. But I cannot realize that thirty-seven years of our close friendship have passed since I showed my first early work to him, and he took me to a publisher. Just as I found him then, I find him any evening now, in the same chair, in the same corner of the study, "under the evening lamp." We still talk of the same themes; his jests are as frequent as ever, but the black hair is silvered and the active movements are less alert. I then had never known a mind so stored with bookish lore, so intimate with the lives of rare poets gone by, yet to what it then possessed he, with his wonderful memory, has been adding ever since. If his early verse was like Keats, how soon he came to that unmistakable style of his own—to the utterance of

those pure lyrics, "most musical, most melancholy"—"to the perfection of his matchless songs," and again, to the mastery of blank-verse, that noblest measure, in "The Fisher and Charon"—to the grace and limpid narrative verse of "The King's Bell," to the feeling, wisdom—above all, to the imagination of his loftier odes, among which that on Lincoln remains unsurpassed. This is not the place to eulogize such work. But one thing may be noted in the progress of what, in Berkeley's phrase, may be called the planting of arts and letters in America. Mr. Stoddard and his group were the first after Poe to make poetry—whatever else it might be—the rhythmical creation of beauty. As an outcome of this, and in distinction from the poetry of conviction to which the New England group were so addicted, look at the "Songs of Summer" which our own poet brought out in 1857. For beauty pure and simple it still seems to me fresher and more significant than any single volume produced up to that date by any Eastern poet save Emerson. It was "poetry or nothing," and though it came out of time in that stormy period, it had to do with the making of new poets thereafter.

In conclusion, I am moved to say, very much as I wrote on his seventieth birthday, that our poet's laborious and nobly independent life, with all its lights and shadows, has been one to be envied. There is much in completeness—its rainbow has not been dissevered—it is a perfect arc. As I know him, it has been the absolute realization of his young desire, the unhausting, unresting life of a poet and student, beyond that of any other writer among us. Its compensations have been greater than those of ease and wealth. Even now he would not change it, though at an age when one might well have others stay his hands. He had the happiness to win in youth the one woman he loved, with the power of whose singular and forceful genius his own is inseparably allied. These wedded poets have been blessed in their children, in the exquisite memory of the dead, in the success and loyalty of the living. His comrades have been such as he pictured to his hope in youth—poets, scholars, artists of the beautiful, with whom he has "warmed both hands before the fire of life." None of them has been a more patient worker or more loved his work. To it he has given his years, whether waxing or waning; he has surrendered for it the strength of his right hand, he has yielded the light of his eyes, and complains not, nor need he; "for so were Milton and Maenoides." What tears this final devotion may have caused to flow, come from other eyes than his own. And so, with gratulation void of all regrets, let us drink to the continued years, service, happiness of our strong and tender-hearted elder comrade, our white-haired minstrel, Richard Henry Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard's reply to the toast was a poem called "A Curtain Call." The old singer's voice was strong and clear, as he delivered these lines:—

Gentlemen: If I have any right
To come before you here to-night,
It is conferred on me by you,
And more for what I tried to do
Than anything that I have done.
A start, perhaps, a race not won!
But 'tis not wholly lost, I see,
For you, at least, believe in me.
Comrades, nay, fellows, let me say,
Since life at most is but a play,
And we are players, one and all,
And this is but a curtain call,
If I were merely player here,
And this assumption of his part,
I might pretend to drop a tear,
And lay my hand upon my heart
And say I could not speak, because
I felt so deeply your applause!
I cannot do this, if I would;
I can but thank you, as I should,
And take the honors you bestow—
A largess, not a lawful claim;
My share thereof is small, I know,
But from your hands to-night is fame—
A precious crown in these pert days
Of purchased or of self-made bays!
You give it—I receive it, then,
Though rather for your sake than mine.
A long and honorable line
Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,

Founded when this old world was young,
And need was to preserve for men
(Lost else) what had been said and sung,
Tales our forgotten fathers told,
Dimly remembered from of old,
Sonorous canticles and prayers,
Service of elder gods than theirs
Which they knew not: the epic strain
Wherein dead peoples lived again!
A long, unbroken line is ours;
It has outlived whole lines of kings,
Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
And nations pass away like flowers—
Ruin and darkness cover all!
Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
The endless ebb and flow of things,
The rush of Time's resistless wings!
Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
One thing remains: Letters remain!
Your art and mine, yours more than mine.
Good fellows of the lettered line,
To whom I owe this Curtain Call,
I thank you all, I greet you all.
Noblesse oblige! But while I may,
Another word, my last, may be:
When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
"This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could,
Not for his own poor personal good,
But for the glory of his art."

Mr. Gilder said that many years ago in London a distinguished English poet said to him that he cherished a warm regard for the poet Stoddard on account of a single poem of his, "The Flight of Youth," of which the first stanza is:—

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again."

This English poet said that one could not be too grateful to a poet for even one beautiful thought—something that stayed and sang forever in the mind. Mr. Gilder continued that he himself was indebted to Mr. Stoddard for the enjoyment through half a lifetime of many exquisite lyrics that, once read, had never been forgotten by him. He thought that the finest tribute that could be paid to Mr. Stoddard would be a greater intimacy with his best poems, and proceeded to read the following:—

BIRDS

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song.

CHINESE SONGS

(fragment)

Before the scream of the hawk
The timid swallow flies;
And the lake unrolled in the distance
Like a silver carpet lies.

The houses are hid in flowers,
Buried in bloomy trees;
But under the veils of the willows
Are glimpses of cottages.

What makes the wind so sweet?
Is it the breath of June?
'Tis the jasper flute in the pear-tree,
Playing a silent tune!

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SORROW AND JOY

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a garden-bed.

And what is joy? It is a little rose,

Which in that garden grows.

I plucked it in my youth so royal red,

To weave it in a garland for my head;

It pricked my hand, I let it drop again,

And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is an endless sea,

And what is joy? It is a little pearl,

Round which the waters whirl.

I dived deep down, they gave it up to me,

To keep it where my costly jewels be;

It dazzled me, I let it fall again,

And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy cage.

And what is joy? It is a little bird,

Whose song therein is heard.

Opening the door, for I was never sage,

I took it from its perch; with sudden rage

It bit me—bit, I let it go again,

And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me when my sorrow shall ended, ended be?

And when return the joy that long since fled?

Not till the garden-bed

Restores the rose; not till the endless sea

Restores the pearl; not till the gloomy cage

Restores the bird; not, poor, old man, till age

Which sorrow is itself, is youth again—

And so I look and long for it in vain!

THE FLOWN BIRD

(fragment)

The maple leaves are whirled away,

The depths of the great pines are stirred;

Night settles on the sullen day,

As in its nest the mountain bird.

My wandering feet go up and down,

And back and forth, from town to town,

Through the lone woods, and by the sea,

To find the bird that fled from me.

I followed, and I follow yet;

I have forgotten to forget.

THE MESSAGES

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Club, then read the following messages:—

Thank you for your kind note of the 13th (which came to me only yesterday). Its ceremonious part—anent the dinner—gave me a shiver (so old and so home-bound am I). Yet there's no one of you—so near by and knowing him so much better—who would or could give a heartier greeting to Mr. R. H. Stoddard; nor is there one of you who has a truer relish for the charming ways in which that favorite poet can twist our good mother-English into resonant shapes of verse. I pray you to tell him so, and that only the weakness of age—quickened by this wintry March—keeps me from putting in an "Adsum" at the roll-call of your guests.

EDGEWOOD, 16 March 1897. DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Your invitation lies before me. I know perfectly well that I am unable to accept it. Surely nothing would seem easier than to say so. Yet I have been sitting staring at the brief note for a long time, wondering why I did not write my reply. Nothing comes harder than doing what you don't want to do—unless it be doing what you want to do with all your heart. For I want, with all my heart, to send a few friendly words to my brother authors in America—to send my tribute of respect and good wishes to the veteran poet they are going to honor; I want to put my heart into the message so that it shall sound true. But I see the black words stiffening on the cold gray paper; how dead they will look over yonder under the calm light of a half-amused smile. The world is not sentimental nowadays. I have no wish to be out of the fashion. But I want you to believe me when I say that I have deeply appreciated the attitude of literary America towards my works; that no event of my career has caused me greater pleasure than my

nomination as honorary member of your Club; that my fellow-members and the cause they represent possess my every feeling of good fellowship and good will.

NICE, 10 March 1897.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Alphonse Daudet, sincerely touched by the kind invitation, regrets that it is not in his power to be present at the dinner in honor of Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, but the truth is, Paris is too far from the Authors Club of New York. Thanks for having thought of the youngest honorary member, who is terribly old all the same.

PARIS, 8 March 1897.

O princely poet! kingly heir
Of gifts divinely sent—
Your own—nor envy anywhere,
Nor voice of discontent.

Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,
And frail and weak of wing,
Your height is ours—your ecstasy,
Your glory, where you sing.

Most favored of the gods and great
In gifts beyond our store,
We covet not your rich estate,
But prize our own the more.

The gods give as but gods may do;
We count our riches thus—
They gave their richest gifts to you,
And then gave you to us.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

O most revered of all the singing throng,
Yet hasten not, although our evening star,
To fields of heaven beyond the twilight bar;
But with thy voice and presence soothe us long.
Loved and revered—but eldest? Nay, 'twere wrong
To greet thee so—thou younger than we are!
Let age be counted ours, because more far
Our birth, thine nearer the live source of song.
The flight of youth thyself hast marked and sung;
'Tis the world's youth is gone and its large dream;
They are not ours; and finished is the tale
Of great inheritors. Thou lingerest young,
A link between us and that youth supreme
For whom in Hampstead mute hath grown the nightingale.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

I am exceedingly gratified by the invitation you have been kind enough to send me, and but for the obstacle of so many leagues of tumbling water should have regarded it as one which would be in the highest degree censurable to neglect. For if there is one thing to which a literary man should be specially desirous of paying his tribute of respect, it is persistent devotion to literature in those conditions (not exclusively literary) in which we live. Mr. Stoddard is, I think, a conspicuous example of this fidelity to his calling, and I should have been only too glad—had opportunity offered—to contribute my mite of personal recognition to such a time-tried and distinguished veteran of the muses. I wish your gathering the most unqualified success.

LONDON, 6 March 1897.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

I am much gratified by the kind invitation of your committee to attend the dinner given to Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Were it possible for me to cross the Atlantic, no one would be more eager to be present than I should be. I rejoice at the honor thus so gracefully done. America, in my judgment, does well to be proud of Stoddard—true singer, true lover of intellectual beauty, true inheritor of the great spirit of the poets. Please find a moment on that gay and auspicious evening to give him my affectionate respects. And tell him that on the 25th of March, at the very moment at which you sit down to dinner, the Omar Khayyám Club in London (of which I am the president) will be doing the same, and that one of our pleasant duties will be to drink the health of Richard Henry Stoddard over our Persian cups.

LONDON, 7 March 1897.

EDMUND GOSSE.

I find myself somewhat unexpectedly summoned to fulfill an engagement on the 25th which will put it out of my power to appear in person at the Savoy on that interesting occasion. I beg you to bestow on my behalf upon our gifted bard and cherished friend an old man's blessing, which includes a prayer that many long years may elapse before he exchanges the harp with which he has been wont to charm his friends and admirers here below for his golden harp and audience of angels.

JOHN BIGELOW.

THE SQUIRRELS, HIGHLAND FALLS-ON-HUDSON,

14 March 1897.

I regret extremely that I cannot join in your festival of the 25th instant in honor of our distinguished friend. Will you give him my best wishes for the future and thanks for the past?

PINEHURST, N. C., 12 March 1897. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I very much regret that I will not be able to join you at the dinner to my good friend Stoddard. I am sorry to miss the occasion of testifying to my admiration of the poet and my love for the man.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 12 March 1897.

W. J. LINTON.

I am honored by the invitation to be present at the Hotel Savoy on the occasion of the dinner to Richard Henry Stoddard, and my regret is genuine that it is impossible for me to be there. I doubt if there be any member of the Authors Club who can be in more cordial agreement with the homage to be rendered to Mr. Stoddard on this night of the 25th of March; so that, were it possible, I would not only gladly be present at a function so interesting to men of letters, to men who speak a common language and inherit in common the greatest literature of the world, but also as a tribute of personal esteem for one of the most distinguished poets and one of the best of men. When, some years ago, I paid my first visit to America, and was the guest of my dear friend Mr. Stedman, I was asked what man of letters I wanted to see first, and at once replied that I wished first to call upon Mr. Stoddard, whose lyric work had long delighted me, and to whom, in England, at any rate, it seemed to me that adequate justice had not been done. Since then our acquaintance has grown into what I feel honored by knowing to be friendship, and I am more glad than I can well say that Mr. Stoddard's colleagues and many friends and admirers among the men of letters of America have combined to render him this testimonial of their personal esteem, of their high regard for him as a writer, and of their appreciation of his services to literature. It is a sincere pleasure to me to have been able, in a small way, to introduce Mr. Stoddard's lyric verse to hundreds of readers in England who might not otherwise have seen it. At the same time, it is a mistake to affirm, as I have seen in American as well as English periodicals, that the songs and lyrics of Richard Henry Stoddard are unknown in this country.

Some time ago I had occasion to give a lecture on lyric poetry to an audience largely composed of young Scottish students. When I alluded to Mr. Stoddard as the foremost living lyric poet of America, the mention of his name was received with heartiest, and, indeed, enthusiastic, approbation, and I was assured afterwards that several of the lyrics I quoted were familiar to his admirers among these young men trained to the lyric fire and beauty of an earlier and a national Stoddard, Robert Burns. Circumstances have much to do with the influence and fame of a poet in these days when talent is so infinitely more widespread than formerly; and it is almost certain that not even the imperious genius of Robert Burns would obtain for him now the recognition which he obtained in his own day; that is to say, it would be difficult for him to reach to the common heart of his countrymen with the swift and immediate appeal which was possible in the epoch wherein he flourished. We must remember this when we estimate the work of a lyric poet like Richard Henry Stoddard. Had he been an American contemporary of Burns, with his genius such as it is, there can surely be no question as to the place he would have now held in that literature which is neither English nor American, but the great Anglo-Celtic literature of our common race.

I hope to announce in time for the dinner that I have arranged in this country for a cheap and popular edition of the selected lyrics of Mr. Stoddard, and trust that the book will be another of the many links which connect the two great nations. For of one thing we are more and more certain, that it is the same pulse that beats in the same heart and brain in Edinburgh, in London and in New York—in a word, in that wide realm of our race which is under

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the guard of the two flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

In conclusion, then, let me again express my regret at my unavoidable absence on an occasion when I would so fain be present, and my cordial greetings to my many friends among the Authors Club, and most of all to Richard Henry Stoddard—to whom length of years, good weal, happiness and honor.

LONDON, 5 March 1897.

WILLIAM SHARP.

I thank the Council of the Authors Club of New York most heartily for the invitation they have offered me to be present at the dinner to be given in honor of our venerable literary *confrère*, Richard Henry Stoddard. The three thousand miles which divide our little island from your vast continent have never seemed to me a more grievous gulf. American authors do right to pay this tribute. They may well be proud of one who, through so many years, has given proof of his fidelity to the highest traditions of the profession of letters. To entertain Richard Henry Stoddard is to shake hands with the days of Edgar Allan Poe, and to link the distinguished past of American literature with the no less distinguished present. As English authors we may properly claim the privilege of joining with you in this tribute. Your guest is no stranger in our country. We know him for a poet of true feeling and great charm. He belongs to the profession of English literature, as well as to the company of American authors. Ours is a great calling, and I think we are in loyalty bound to say so when occasion requires. It knits together in a bond more strong and intimate than any treaty made by statesmen the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. Therefore, in paying tribute to your distinguished guest, you are paying tribute to the noblest and most powerful calling that man can follow in this world. Heartily I wish him well. Show him that he has honor, love and troops of friends.

ISLE OF MAN, 6 March 1897.

HALL CAINE.

I should be glad to join in any mark of respect to Mr. Stoddard, one of the most charming of our authors. I heard his beautiful poem at Plymouth two or three years ago. But I cannot leave my duties here at the time you propose.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, 10 March 1897.

If I could, it would give me the greatest pleasure to be present at the dinner to Mr. Stoddard, and to say or do anything I could to testify my respect for him as a man of letters whose distinction is of so rare a kind. I have always thought it of great consequence to this country that literature should have a character, as of a distinct calling and occupation and influence, such as Mr. Stoddard has helped give it. We ought, I believe, to make part of the great brotherhood of writers and thinkers the world over. I do not think literature, any more than art, has a country, or that a particular latitude or longitude is essential either to its growth or its best nature. Mr. Stoddard belongs to literature—to say that he belongs exclusively to us is to narrow his rightful fame and position. I beg you will express my regrets to him and to the Club.

WASHINGTON, 19 March 1897.

G. W. SMALLEY.

I am advertised to read for a charity at 3 in the afternoon on March 25, in London, so I fear that even if I were to start immediately afterwards I should be a little late for your celebration in New York. But in spirit I shall certainly be there, for Mr. Stoddard's name is honored here as in America, and I should have been proud in joining to do him honor. May the occasion be worthy of its object!

MOORLANDS, ENGLAND.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Mr. Howells was prevented from attending the dinner by a previous engagement in Buffalo. His letter was as follows:

I will ask you to pledge him on my behalf, in a bumper of the best wine flowing at the feast, and give him my love, and my wishes for every good he cares to have. No man honors or values him more, or has greater reason to thank him for such joy as remains in the heart and mind from noble verse, than I who have the misfortune not to join you in hailing him at first hand. But you will translate me into better terms than my poor meaning, and will fitly greet him for me.

NEW YORK, March 23.

W. D. HOWELLS.

I have received the invitation which you and the other members of the Committee of the Authors Club have given me for the dinner to Mr. R. H. Stoddard. I only wish that our ocean dragons had proceeded so far in their undertaking, some day to be accomplished, of abolishing time and space, so as to enable me to testify by my presence the respect which I entertain for Mr. Stoddard as a poet and a man of letters.

R. GARNETT.

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, W. C., 5 March 1897.

It is with extreme regret that I am compelled by lameness occasioned by a broken leg to decline the polite invitation of the Authors Club to be present at a dinner to be given on the 25th of March to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard. Will you present to the Club my acknowledgments for its courtesy? I have so long honored and admired Stoddard's genius that it is with the greatest reluctance that I forego the pleasure of taking part in this occasion for proclaiming him our national Laureate.

A. R. MACDONOUGH.

I regret exceedingly that my approaching departure for England makes it impossible to accept the very polite invitation of the Authors Club for March 25. It would give me particular pleasure to join in paying so fitting and well-deserved a compliment to Mr. Stoddard.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.

Illness keeps me away, to my disappointment and regret.
TOMPKINSVILLE, S. I., March 25. WILLIAM WINTER.

Congratulate Mr. Stoddard on fame well earned. Health and long life to him. Seven hundred miles of regret.

MADISON, IND., March 25. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Letters of regret were also received from Bishop Potter, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Andrew D. White, Felix Adler, William Allen Butler, F. F. Browne, editor of *The Dial*, and Edward Abbott, editor of the Boston *Literary World*.

Literature

"The Life of Nelson"

The Emboiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain. By Capt. A. T. Mahan. 2 vols. Little, Brown & Co.

THE APPEARANCE of this work has been looked forward to with lively interest, not to say eagerness, on both sides of the Atlantic, for some months past, and with anticipations heightened by the literary reputation of the author. These anticipations have been fully realized. Few writers have addressed themselves to the task of producing a readable and instructive biography, who were better equipped for the undertaking. We have before us, in these two volumes, the product of the long and careful study of one who, while enamored of his theme, is at once just and discriminating, who "nothing extenuates" where there was much to excuse, and who has given to it his best time and efforts. A sequel to his masterly treatise on "The Influence of Sea Power," the "Life of Nelson" is the rounding-out and completion of that now well-known—we might almost say famous—work. Those who have read the former will be prepared to find in the present volumes an originality in the method of treatment, a breadth of view, a certain elegance and ease of diction and richness of illustration, that cannot fail to commend them to all classes of readers in all maritime countries.

Nelson is made to reveal himself. With his frail body, his inveterate hatred of the French, his intense egoism, his vanity, his susceptibility to flattery, his craving for admiration, with all his faults and foibles, and his strange obliquity of moral perception, which, while morbidly jealous of his honor, caused him to live openly in dishonor, the hero stands before us in all his naked humanity. But, as the prophet of old assured David, "The Lord hath put away thy sin: thou shalt not die," so, in these pages, Nelson lives in the higher and nobler and more lovable traits of his character, and in the greatness and glory of those achievements which made

him truly "the Embodiment of the Sea Power" of the greatest maritime state of modern, if not of all, times. It is his military genius that constitutes his greatest claim to our admiration, and it has been the author's aim to show not only what he did, but the principles which dominated his military thought and guided his military actions throughout his life. The following pen-portraiture (Vol. I, page 83) is worthy of note:—

"The breadth and acuteness of Nelson's intellect have been too much overlooked in the admiration excited by his unusually grand moral endowments of resolution, dash, and fearlessness of responsibility. Though scarcely what could be called an educated man, he was one of close and constant observation, thereby gaining a great deal of information; and to the use of this he brought a practical sagacity, which coped with the civil or political questions placed before it for *action*, much as it did with military questions. * * * As a strategist and tactician, Nelson made full proof of high native endowments, of wisdom garnered through fruitful study and meditation and of clear insight into the determining conditions of the various military situations with which he had to deal."

The author adduces abundant evidence to show that the so-called "dash" of Nelson, a term which, in such a connection, carries a latent idea of recklessness, was in truth the result of plans carefully matured long in advance of the occasion. Like Napoleon, he was a diligent student of his profession:—"It was his practice, during the whole of his cruise," wrote Berry, the flag-captain, "whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the Vanguard, where he would fully develop to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, in all possible positions" (Vol. I, p. 332). These character sketches are constantly thrown in, showing the gradual development of Nelson's character. We are told that "he was continually adding to his reputation and maturing the professional character, the seeds of which had been so bountifully bestowed upon him by nature"; and that "his reputation, won hard, and step by step, obtained for him opportunity; but it was to character, ripened by experience and reflection, that he owed his transcendent successes." Like Newton, he owed his success chiefly to the continual pondering of the means which led to it. Again:—

"It is to be noted of Nelson that his accuracy of mental perception, his power of penetrating to the root of a matter, was largely dependent upon the necessity laid upon him for action. It is when urgency presses and danger threatens, when the need of action comes, that his mental energies are aroused, and he begins to speak, as it were *ex cathedra*. Then the unsubstantial haze rolls away, and the solid features of the scene one by one appear, until, amid all the unavoidable uncertainties of imperfect information, it becomes plain that the man has a firm grasp upon the great landmarks by which he must guide his course. Like the blind, who at first saw men as trees walking, and then saw everything clearly, so his mental illumination gradually reduces confusion to order, and from perplexity evolves correct decision. But what shall be said of those flashes of insight, as at Cape St. Vincent, elicited in a moment, as by the stroke of iron on the rock, where all the previous processes of ordered thought and labored reasoning are condensed into one vivid inspiration and transmuted without a pause into instant heroic action? Is that we call 'genius' purely a mystery, of which our only account is to give it a name?"

Scattered throughout the work with generous profusion are passages poetical in conception and classical in their purity of expression. The high mission of the man whose character is thus gradually unfolded is admirably told. The upheaval of the French Revolution, which culminated in the military despotism of Napoleon, is referred to.

"To beat back that spirit of aggression," says the author (Vol. I, page 96), "was the mission of Nelson. Therein is found the true significance of his career, which mounts higher and higher in strenuous effort and gigantic achievement, as the blast of the Revolution swells fiercer and stronger under the mighty impulse of the great Corsican. At each of the momentous crises, so far removed in time and place—at the Nile, at Copenhagen, at Trafalgar,—as the unfolding of the drama of the age reveals to the onlooker the schemes of the arch-planner about to touch success, over against

Napoleon rises ever Nelson; and as the latter in the hour of victory drops upon the stage where he has played so chief a part, his task is seen to be accomplished, his triumph secured. In the very act of dying he has dealt the foe a blow from which recovery is impossible. Moscow and Waterloo are the inevitable consequences of Trafalgar; as the glories of that day were but the fit and assured ending of the illustrious course which was begun upon the quarter-deck of the Agamemnon."

The Battle of the Nile, with all its immediate results and far-reaching influences, is well described, though perhaps a little more in detail than will suit the taste of the general reader. The same may be said of the Battle of Copenhagen. In both accounts, the military genius of Nelson is made conspicuous in his clear and ready perception of the right thing to do, the means of doing it, and the tenacity of purpose in leaving nothing undone. His spirits rose with the prospects of meeting the enemy. He felt "the stern joy which warriors feel"; he seemed actually to delight in battle. But we must hurry on to the last scene of all.

On 13 Sept. 1805, Nelson bade farewell to the woman he loved and to his only child. The woman was Emma, Lady Hamilton; the child, Horatia Nelson Thompson. "At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world," is the entry in his diary. We had already been told of his estrangement from poor, unsympathetic Lady Nelson, and that "the glory of the hero brought the temptation which wrecked the happiness of the man." All this sad phase of Nelson's life, including the execution of Caracciola, which bears the stigma of judicial murder, is treated with absolute impartiality by Capt. Mahan. He shows the duplicate nature of the man. Deeply religious as he was, and fervent in prayer, he yet invoked the divine blessing upon the object of his unlawful love! The battle and the hero's death are told in the author's best style. We will not mangle the text by partial excerpts. The whole story, with all its dramatic incident and its tragic ending, must be read to be appreciated. On 21 Oct. 1805, it was dryly and briefly recorded in the log-book of the Victory, Nelson's flag-ship, that "partial firing continued until 4.30, when, a victory having been reported to the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., he died of his wound."

"There," continues the narrative, "surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. The words 'I have done my duty' sealed the closed book of Nelson's story with a truth broader and deeper than he himself could suspect."

The illustrations of the work are well selected and of exceedingly great interest. The full table-of-contents, the captions of the chapters, carrying along the date, and the full index are worthy of commendation.

"Eighteenth Century Vignettes"

Third Series. By Austin Dobson. Dodd, Mead & Co.

ONCE AGAIN Mr. Dobson emerges to the surface, bearing with him the pearls for which he has been diving in the depths of the eighteenth century. Perhaps, however, the metaphor is not altogether happy, for a diver's art implies pain and difficulty, with incredibly clumsy and grotesque accoutrements, while Mr. Dobson impresses one as being positively amphibious, and existing with as much ease below the waters as on the dry land of to-day. The present writer had once a friend in England, a clergyman of the Establishment more by token, who had the details of the railway service of the United Kingdom at his fingers' ends. For the ordinary mortal to gain, after much study, some glimmering of Bradshaw's recondite meaning is a triumph; but this rare genius used to correct Bradshaw, until he found that they made mistakes faster than he could correct them, and gave it up. If you asked for information about local trains in some remote part of Cornwall or Galloway, there was the schedule at your service, recited with as much accurate familiarity as, let us say, "Dearly beloved

brethren." Mr. Dobson's omniscience in his period impresses one in much the same way.

"For detail, detail, most I care
(Ce superflu, si nécessaire)."

he confesses in his graceful introductory epistle; and surely there is no detail so buried beneath oceans of forgetfulness that he cannot bring it to light. It troubled Mr. Lang for long that he could not discover the exact whereabouts of the Young Pretender during certain obscure years of his Continental wanderings; but it seems that he never can have thought of consulting Mr. Dobson, as one feels sure that so he might have found what he wanted even sooner than he has.

An illustration occurs to the mind. The subject of one of these Vignettes, M. Grosley, a French visitor to London in 1765, records the story of a member of Parliament who, emulating "Singlespeech Hamilton," "for twenty years had never but once made a speech, and that was to move that a broken window at the back of his seat might be mended without loss of time." A year ago, Mr. Dobson, from recently published family papers, was able to give a local habitation and a name to the laconic legislator who had remained for a century unidentified. And so he goes throughout the period, in exactly the spirit of inquisitiveness which Stevenson's Enfield reproved, starting questions without caring in the least how often "some bland old bird (last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden," where he may have sat with the fancied security that must come, one would think, from having been dead a hundred years.

Yet with all this extent of learning, it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Dobson is never ponderous. Nothing could be more unlike Pope's "bookful blockhead, ignorantly read," as regards the two mean terms of the description. With a light touch, appositely illustrating his subject now from Dick Swiveller, now from Xanthias the Phocian, he flits from point to point, rather like the seagull skimming the waves than the helmeted diver sinking by his own weight beneath them. In this volume, besides the uncomprehending Frenchman to whom we have referred, he gives us what the happy title "Vignettes" so well describes of a number of people well worth knowing. There is Garrick taking his farewell of the stage, and Dr. Mead in his library (Pope again—"And books for *Mead*, and butterflies for *Sloane*); there is Hogarth going for a thoroughly Pickwickian outing of five days, from a MS. chronicle by a member of the party; there is Walpole carrying out a rich man's whim in his printing office at Strawberry Hill; there is "Cambridge the Everything," as the same Horace calls him, a man who "merits something more than the formal footnote of the forgotten"; and the charming Molly Lepel, whom Thackeray praised, but of whom Mr. Dobson gives us the latest and the fullest news. But no mere review can give any idea of the host of charming people, dead and buried indeed, but not too long dead for Mr. Dobson's graphic touch to bring them before us again almost as if he had been talking with them yesterday.

"Undercurrents of the Second Empire"

By A. D. Vandam, author of "*An Englishman in Paris*." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IT IS WITH exceedingly "mixed" emotions that one rises from a perusal of this book. Undeniably interesting in many parts, its moral plane is so low, it presents so foul a picture of contemporary corruption, it is so unclean and so libellous in its characterization of a lonely woman now in exile and in distress, it is so unmanly and ungentlemanly in its broadcast insinuations scattered pell-mell over everybody even remotely connected with the Second Empire, that the reader at last lays it down with disgust and indignation, and refuses to believe the silly, almost obscene gossip in which it abounds. Who is this Mr. Vandam, one is repeatedly

forced to exclaim, who thus lords it over the Napoleonic dynasty, reveals its secret springs and confidential doings, reads the inmost thoughts of the Emperor and Empress, and discloses "Undercurrents" presumably known only to the French cabinet? Who are "my granduncles" so abundantly quoted, who play such a lively part in these slashing memoirs, and who furnish the interminable "Notes" which afford this information? Are they, too, cabinet ministers, prefects of police, confidential advisers or boon companions of "Napoleon the Little"? Where did they get their information? Who are they, anyway, and by what right did they scribble Suetonian diatribes about people infinitely above them in rank, with whom by no possible means could they have associated? For all his audacious statements and malignities Mr. Vandam professes to have "chapter and verse" ready at command, if anybody wants them. Well, let him bring them forward, and we can then judge for ourselves what value is to be set on his statements. They sound perilously like mere newspaper gossip where they are fortified by "chapter and verse," we must confess; and if those withheld are no better than those published in the "Undercurrents," their full publication will certainly hurt no one.

If for "Undercurrents" we substituted "Sewers," we might better comprehend the motive of the book: Mr. Vandam is a sapper and miner in unsavory quarters and opens subterraneous abysses of corruption that smell to heaven. The Stygian atmosphere is infected with moral typhus: and we can only lament the fatuous mistake that can conceive such air to be wholesome to clean-minded people. The chapter on Napoleon's amours is unfit for publication, and the language in which the Empress is spoken of and compared to Phryne, equally so. Apart from its bad manners and worse morals, the grammar of the book is often an offense to the reader, and its affectation of omniscience, apropos of all things pertaining to the Bonaparte family, is amusing—the author of such things being a perfectly obscure person, who continually belauds himself and his knowledge as if he were the mainspring of the entire Empire. And yet with him, after all this discharge of addled eggs, Napoleon III is a hero and might have done wonders if he had not done worse. "He gave France eighteen years of unexampled prosperity"; he did this and he did that; and yet the one object of the book seems to be to brand him, in the language of Voltaire's "Pauvre Diable,"

"Comme un gredin que la main de Thémis
A diapré de nobles fleurs de lis
Par un fer chaud, gravé sur l'omoplate."

The misguided cleverness of the book picks its tortuous way between mud and epigram, between kitchen and scullery.

"American Highways"

By N. S. Shaler. *The Century Co.*

WITHIN a few years a remarkable and quite general interest in the improvement of highways has been developed in various parts of the country, especially in the northeastern states. It is becoming recognized that, while our railroads are among the best in the world, our ordinary roads are among the worst, being constructed on antiquated principles, or on no principles at all, and being almost always in bad order. The consequence is that the cost to the farmers of carrying their produce to market, or to the nearest railway station, is enormous, and constitutes a heavy tax on the agriculture of the country. Nor is the mere economic loss the only one thus entailed, or the farmer the only sufferer, for, as Prof. Shaler points out, the moral and intellectual development of a society depends in large measure on ease of communication within that society and with the outer world. It is remarkable, therefore, that our people, with their keen practical sense, have not until recently awakened to the need of better roads. But now that the movement has been started, it is likely to increase rapidly, and to have important

results in the near future. But in order that these results may be of the best character, the movement must be intelligently guided: therefore this work, by such an expert as Prof. Shaler, written for popular use and in language that all can understand, is to be cordially welcomed.

In the newly begun work of highway improvement, as in so many other matters, the state of Massachusetts has been the leader. In 1892 that commonwealth appointed a temporary commission to inquire into the condition of the public highways, and in 1893 established a permanent Highway Commission to lay out and build such roads or parts of roads as its members should deem necessary, the work to be done at the state's expense. The work of the Commission, thus far, has been of a tentative character, but the results are of much value, and point to still greater improvements in the future. Of that Commission Prof. Shaler has from the first been a member. He begins his exposition with a brief history of road-building, which is noteworthy for the depreciatory tone of his remarks on the Roman roads. He testifies, indeed, to their massive character and durability, but says that they were built on unscientific principles and with enormous waste of labor. He then shows how road-making, like every other factor of civilization, retrograded in the middle ages, and how it was revived in quite recent times by French and English inventors and engineers. The Macadam process is the one now most esteemed for building roads, and is the one adopted by the Massachusetts Highway Commission.

Prof. Shaler enters into quite an elaborate account of the mode of building roads, of the kinds of material used, the effects of the topography of the country on their construction, and of various other matters relating to the general subject. He also considers the question of the best governmental control of roads, a matter of some difficulty which has not yet been fully solved in Massachusetts or elsewhere. Nor has he neglected the subjects of shade-trees, drinking-fountains and wayside parks, but devotes a full chapter to the relation of public ways to ornamentation. He also has a chapter on education in the art of road-building, in which he shows the importance, not only of having a sufficient number of well-trained engineers, but also of disseminating a better knowledge of road-building among the mass of the people. It is to be hoped that his book will be carefully and widely read.

Three Books about Nature

1. *In the Garden of Peace.* By Helen Milman. John Lane.
2. *Round the Year.* By L. C. Miall. The Macmillan Co.
3. *Life in Ponds and Streams.* By W. Furneaux. Longmans, Green & Co.

TO TAKE UP a volume proceeding from the Bodley Head, is to put oneself in a peaceful state of mind; and with it in hand, but little imagination is required to make a garden even out of the average room devoted to books. Belonging to the Arcady Library, this one (1) came with a promise of delight fulfilled by its predecessor; and if the reader happens to love birds and bird music, he will not be disappointed. It is the subject, however, rather than the treatment that will hold his attention, for the author has no marked literary skill. But after all, is not enthusiasm for the subject of equal value? We doubt if anyone who takes up the book, will put it down unread. Of course, some of the young "professional" ornithologists will look contemptuously upon a bird-book like this; but outside their little world there are many thousands who will delight in knowing that birds can be made so companionable by the exercise of a little care to provide for their wants. The author, we imagine, has been long familiar with Alfred Austin's "Garden That I Love," for in reading her pages we have been continually reminded of the Laureate's volume. Perhaps she does not know it. It is no matter. This is a book to suit a bird-lover, and that is what it aims to be. The illustrations are bright, cheerful, catching and such a relief after the recent flood of half-tones that promised to be popular! Let us hope their gloomy day is past.

Prof. Miall's volume (2) is his diary for 1895, with seventy-one satisfactory illustrations, and, be it said to the author's credit, the book is indexed. The sub-title of "A Series of Short Nature-Studies" so aptly describes the contents, that the reader can tell in an instant whether he is likely to be interested, or not. Botany,

birds, notable frosts, the moon, many insects and some literary naturalists are more or less elaborately treated, and generally in an interesting manner. We note that the author is devoted to White's "Selborne" and gets terribly out of patience with the army of his feeble imitators—writers, as he calls them, "of literature of the most melancholy description, dry, marrowless, useless." This is pretty severe, though some of it is deserved; but how would Prof. Miall like to be classed with these makers of what he considers useless books? We do not see that he stands alone as a nature-writer, or with only Gilbert White as a companion.

"Life in Ponds and Streams" (3) is a pretentious volume by a master hand. It is really a systematic treatise of life from its lowest form, the *amœba*, to the frogs and salamanders. This is a wide range, and to do it justice in 400 pages requires great skill. The author tells the story of insects, shells, fish and frogs in a pleasing way that satisfies the reader who is curious in such matters, and therefore anxious to be taught; and the publishers have aided the author by providing over 300 well-executed woodcuts and eight artistically colored full-page plates. To a great extent, the volume is applicable to the study of ponds and streams in this country, but the reader will find marked differences in the fish and batrachians. No one yet has treated of our country's fauna in such a way as this adopted by Mr. Furneaux. We have too great an extent of country, and a zoölogy of the United States, to be satisfactory, would have to be a library, instead of a single volume.

"The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton"

By his Niece, Georgiana M. Stisted. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS LIFE of the late Capt. Burton has been written with the authority and the approval of the Burton family. Fond of outdoor life and adventure, a traveler in many lands and, we believe, on all continents, Capt. Burton made it the chief aim of his life to understand the world of Islam. The book gives a pretty full account of his various journeys, besides detailing his early career, which did not show much promise and indicated notable eccentricities. These remained throughout life and, probably more than any other cause, contributed to his comparative neglect by the British Government. Among the notable feats of his life were his discovery of some of the interior lakes of Africa, his exploration of Arabia and visit to Mecca disguised as a pious pilgrim, and his translation of the Arabian Nights. Of his fifty books, and his pamphlets and contributions to periodicals, that which will live longest is his matchless translation of the Arabian Nights. This mighty work, beside being comparable to Columbus's discovery of America, in its revelation of the mind of Islam, is an amazing mine of wealth to one who would know the possibilities of the English language.

Miss Stisted's is the third biography of Capt. Burton, and perhaps the truest of any; but we confess that the ultra-Protestantism of the polemical lady reminds us of the struggle between Satan and Michael over the corpse of Moses. We do not know how respectful was the language which Satan used to the Archangel, but it is certain that the style of Miss Stisted's exposure of Lady Burton (who was so ardent a Catholic, she says, as to have the priest administer extreme unction to a corpse) is not quite so respectful as the temperate objurgation of Michael as recorded by Saint Jude. This publication of family secrets mars what else would be an attractive work; but possibly the aggrieved members of Capt. Burton's household felt that this revelation was necessary.

"Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States"

And Canada. By Nathaniel Lord Britton and Addison Brown. Vol I: Ophioglossaceæ to Aizooceæ. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MAGNITUDE of this illustrated Flora may be inferred when we see that there are to be three quarto volumes, the first one of which contains over 600 pages, and that the description of each species is to be accompanied by illustrative figures. The territory covered extends from Newfoundland to the parallel of the southern boundary of Virginia, and from the Atlantic Ocean westward to the 102d meridian. The descriptions will include ferns and all plants above them, numbering altogether more than 4000 species. Of this great number, three-fourths are figured here for the first time. It will thus be seen that the area is more extended and the number of species greater than in Gray's "Manual of Botany," while the illustration of every species is an entirely new feature. In the first volume, which is now before us, there are about three descriptions, with accompanying figures, on each page. The descriptions are like those of any of the systematic botanical works, and require therefore no special notice. The continuance, however, of the antiquated English system of linear measurement, instead of the adop-

tion of the metric system, is unworthy of the general excellence of the work. A publication that aims to be a standard for some years to come should employ the language of science of the present day. If the descriptions call for no special remark, the illustrations certainly do. They are not works of art, but they are made for use, and serve their purpose in showing details of structure which abbreviated descriptions can never do. This is therefore the first completely illustrated Flora of a large section of this country, but hardly a "complete illustrated Flora," as the authors state several times in their introduction.

In the arrangement of groups of plants, following in the main the system of the standard German work, "Natürliche Pflanzenfamilien," by Engler and Prantl, this new Flora will undoubtedly have the approval of a majority of American botanists. The reference, in the introduction, to evolution, as the reason for adopting the system, seems out of place, since no one would think of any other reason. In matters of nomenclature, the authors are reformers; they adopt the rules of the Rochester-Madison meeting of the Botanical Club of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. These rules are objected to by many botanists. But the war of nomenclature is now being waged in the scientific journals, and we will not introduce it here. Besides the generally good appearance of the book itself, the known proficiency of the principal authors and of two or three of their collaborators will give the work a standing among botanists, so that its coming may be denominated as marking a distinct advance in the development of systematic botany in this country.

"History of the United States"

For Schools. By William A. Mowry, A.M., Ph. D., and Arthur May Mowry, A.M. Silver, Burdett & Co.

THE AUTHORS of this book lay especial stress, in their preface, on the accuracy, clearness and balance which they say is in it, and, on the whole, their claims are well sustained. In respect to balance—to the allotment of space to the different periods in proportion to their relative importance—the book shows good judgment. There are a few divergences from strict accuracy, however, which ought to be pointed out. The assertion (p. 231) that "Henry Clay presented the Missouri Compromise of 1820" is not correct. The adjustment of 1820, which was the Missouri Compromise proper—that Missouri should be admitted with slavery, but that slavery should be excluded from the rest of the Louisiana purchase north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes,—was proposed by Thomas of Illinois, but was suggested previously by McLane of Delaware. Clay supported this compromise, but he did not originate it. Clay's connection in a prominent way with the Missouri admission question came in 1821, when the deadlock in Congress occurred on the provision in Missouri's Constitution directing the Legislature to prevent the immigration of free Negroes into the state. The northern members of Congress opposed Missouri's admission on this account, but through the efforts of Clay a majority was at last obtained to let her in on the fundamental condition that this objectionable clause should never be executed. Horatio Seymour is spoken of (p. 341) as "the Governor of New York" at the time of his nomination for President in 1868. Reuben E. Fenton was Governor at that time. Seymour had been Governor previously, but was defeated by Fenton in 1864.

"One of the features of the Sherman Resumption Act," it is said (p. 352), "was the provision that \$100,000,000 of gold should be kept in the Treasury to form a gold reserve." This, like Clay's alleged authorship of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, is a common error. Neither the resumption act nor any other act provides for a "\$100,000,000" gold reserve. The popular notion that the law provides that the reserve shall be kept at this figure is due to this circumstance: The bank act of July 12, 1882, stipulates that the Secretary of the Treasury shall suspend the issue of gold certificates whenever the amount of gold coin and bullion in the Treasury reserved for the redemption of greenbacks falls below \$100,000,000. However, the book has fewer errors of statement than are found in most school histories, and it is remarkably accurate in its references to the different political parties. It has some excellences, too, aside from this. Its topical arrangement frequently breaks the chronological order, but preserves the continuity of events, and makes history what it ought to be—as fascinating as fiction. Moreover, it carries the record down beyond the middle of 1896, giving the nominations for President by the two great parties. The chapter giving the "sources of information" for the different periods is an interesting feature of the book, and the illustrations and maps are numerous, well executed and helpful.

The Lounger

THE AGE of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come: to-day the turbaned Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!)

Sleep on, nor from your ceremonies start,

Is England's friend and fast ally;

The Moslem tramples on the Greek,

And on the Cross and altar stone,

And Christendom looks tamely on,

And hears the Christian maiden shriek,

And sees the Christian father die;

And not a sabre blow is given

For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,

By Europe's craven chivalry.

No, this is not my personal contribution to the cause of Greece and Crete, though it is timely enough to have been written yesterday—or to-morrow. A friend has copied it for me from Halleck's "Alnwick Castle," a poem published more than sixty years ago. History repeats itself.



I AM PLEASED to see that Mr. Gladstone has been added to the ranks of wheelmen. The picture of the Grand Old Man on the bicycle is an inspiring one. If riding the wheel is as beneficial to him as it is to most people, he ought to have twenty years more, or perhaps he might reach the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty, which a French scientist says is the allotted span of life. If we die before we reach that age, it is our own fault.



"THE sixty-two-year age-limit is all right, I think, as regards most of the officers of the navy," writes Prof. C. A. Young, apropos of the retirement of Prof. Newcomb and Capt. A. T. Mahan. "A man of that age is not so well fitted for command (in emergencies especially) or for sea going service as one some years younger. As applied to astronomers, it is, of course, absurd. In such an institution as the Naval Observatory a hard and fast rule of the sort is clearly absurd, for much of the best work in that line has been done by men ten years older. It is likely that the next ten years of the lives of Hall and Newcomb, for instance, will be the most fruitful of all. But they are still in receipt of fairly good salaries from the Government (three-fourths of the highest pay received up to the time of their retirement), and are largely masters of their time. The real solution of the problem is to make the Observatory of the Government *National* (not *Naval*), as is the case in nearly all foreign countries—France, Germany, Russia, for instance; and Greenwich also, in fact, though in form that observatory is still under the Admiralty. But no sea-going officers have places in it."



THE APRIL number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, of which Mr. Max Pemberton is the new editor, contains an article on "The Poet Laureate at Home." Its author's name is not given, but it is signed "By One of His Friends." If I were Mr. Alfred Austin, I should doubt the sincerity of the writer's friendship. It seems to me more like the work of an enemy than of a friend, and I should not wonder if there were a dash of sarcasm in this signature.

"The Poet," says this "friend," "has made himself the pet of society, and he uses his privilege so energetically that no one is ever lacking an anecdote about him. 'Are you in town and is my room ready?' he telegraphs some great lady when he wants to quit his home in Kent for a visit to London, and if the lady is not in town, back she has to come without delay, or the Laureate will know the reason for it. Often she comes back gladly enough, for the tyrant is a pleasant man to entertain. It is impossible for a house which holds him to be dull."



IF THIS BE true, all I can say is that the poet and his poetry are very unlike. "In fact," this "friend" continues, "he may be set down as a social lion of the first rank. Why this is so many a man would find it hard to tell. Mr. Austin is not witty; he is too serious to play either with words or with ideas; for the same reason he has as little humor as Mr. Courtney. He sparkles nevertheless. He coruscates incessantly." The explanation for this coruscating is "the candour of the unique individuality which makes him brilliant." As an illustration of his "candour," it is said that he remarked to an acquaintance the other day, "My dear friend, your niece is deteriorating. All her charm is gone." No one can deny the "candour" of this statement, nor will anyone, I think, deny its rudeness. But then, a coruscating pet of society is a privileged person. As another example of Mr. Austin's candor, the following anecdote is given: In the course of conversation a friend of his ventured to express a doubt as to whether it was possible for a woman to fall in love with a man, even if he were a poet, whom she had not seen. The Laureate brushed his criticism aside in one fell sweep. "Possible!" he exclaimed, "why it has often happened to every poet."

THE WRITER of this article says that he has known all the poets of our age excepting Lord Tennyson, and that each thought he was "the only poet of the age, and established the proposition of exposing all the others one by one. * * * I have heard of the jealousies of rival beauties of the stage," he writes, "but I cannot think of anything more remarkable than the spite with which the 'minions of the Muses' (good old Sir Walter) speak of one another. Compact of neurotic energy and missions of humanity, each hates all rival prophets, and cannot for the life of him withhold his poisoned claws." "Mr. Austin," continues the "friend," "may call himself the only bard of the age, but it is impossible to call him a man of small soul." "At this moment," he concludes, "he having insulted me, I am myself not on speaking terms with the Poet Laureate. But that is the way of young men, and I am quite sure that Mr. Austin and I, both of us being very young, in spite of our years, will be friends again." I do not believe that they will, if Mr. Austin reads the article and learns its authorship.

WHEN Sir Richard Burton was consul at Damascus, he collected material for a work which has since been found among his papers. It is entitled "Human Sacrifice among the Sephardim, or Eastern Jews; of the Murder of Padre Tomaso." The manuscript was suppressed by the author, and also by his wife, but now that both are dead, it has been taken out of its hiding-place, and is about to be published both in London and in New York. It will be brought out in this country by the New Amsterdam Publishing Co. Poor Sir Richard Burton! He had a hard time of it when he was living, and it does not seem possible for his friends, or his enemies, to leave him alone even after he is dead. This book may have a certain value, but I do not know but that it might have been spared publication. From what I have heard about it, it will hardly be pleasant reading. It abounds in the horrible, and is likely to make a good deal of controversy.

MR. GEORGE DOLBY, who was Charles Dickens's manager in this country, has been interviewed by a correspondent of the Chicago Record. Mr. Dolby says, among other things, that Dickens was very fond of reading his own books, and that one night in Liverpool he purchased a copy of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and took it to him, whereat the author was immensely amused. He laughed immoderately, as he turned its pages, but explained to Mr. Dolby that he was not laughing so much at his own creations as at the recollection of the circumstances in which certain passages

and incidents had been written. Dickens he describes as the most abstemious of men. He ate but sparingly, and rarely took more than two glasses of wine at dinner. He was very proud of his reputation as a brewer of punch:—"He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of this punch, but when it was ready I always noticed that he drank less of it than anyone who might be present."

IT WILL BE interesting to her many admirers to hear that Louisa M. Alcott's "Americanisms" are objectionable to English publishers. One of them—one whose name I have not heard before—intends issuing an edition of "Little Women," "from which all expressions distinctly American are to be eliminated." It is claimed that this alteration "will make the book more suitable for reading in English class-rooms." Now, I wonder if this enterprising firm will find its expurgated Alcott so successful that it will get out an edition of Miss Wilkins's stories with all "Americanisms" eliminated. We might publish an edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" over here, with the "Scotticisms" left out. How would that do for reading in American class rooms?

I FIND THAT Mr. W. A. Dresser of Boston feels somewhat aggrieved at my occasional references to literary agents. As a rule, I have advised the callow author to beware of the literary middleman; but my advice has been general, not specific. I have not had in mind the agent who is at the same time an editor—that is to say, one who helps the would-be author to get his work into such shape that it will receive from a publisher the consideration which is given to well-edited manuscripts, when those prepared in ignorance of the requirements of the case are likely to be neglected. From what I know of Mr. Dresser and his work, I should feel that the fledgling author might safely entrust to him his maiden manuscript, and rely largely upon his advice and assistance. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than an intention to deter anyone from entering into correspondence with this particular agent, who not only advises, criticises and revises, but disposes, when possible, of his client's wares. He is not a Napoleon among his kind, like the great and only Mr. Watt; but he has had the good fortune to get, and to deserve, the good will and backing of several well-known men and women of letters.

A CLEVER word and a true one was spoken by Mr. Harry B. Smith, author of the libretto of "The Serenade," when the audience at the Knickerbocker Theatre called author and composer before the curtain. When a comic opera succeeds, he observed, the people exclaim "What beautiful music!" When it fails, their cry is, "What a stupid book."

THE FOLLOWING extract from a letter written by the late R. L. Stevenson to Dr. Bakewell tells its own story. It is dated Vailima, 7 Aug. 1894:—

"What you say about *unwilling work*, my dear Sir, is a consideration always present with me, and yet not easy to give its due weight to. You grow gradually into a certain income; without spending a penny more, with the same sense of restriction as before when you painfully scraped two hundred a year together, you find you have spent, and you cannot well stop spending, a far larger sum; and this expense can only be supported by a certain production. However, I am off work this month, and occupy myself instead in weeding my cacao, papa chases, and the like. I may tell you my average of work in favorable circumstances is far greater than you suppose: from six o'clock till eleven at latest [least ?], and often till twelve, and again in the afternoon from two to four. My hand is quite destroyed, as you may perceive to-day—to a really unusual extent. I can sometimes write a decent fist still; but I have just returned with my arms all stung from three hours' work in the cacao."

The April Magazines

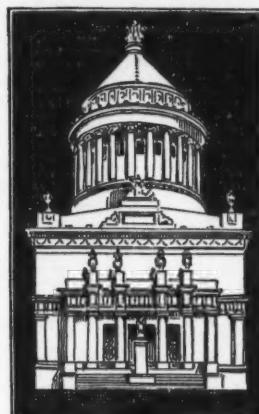
"The Atlantic Monthly"

THERE IS no pleasanter reading in this number than Col. Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays." As most Americans are looking only towards to-morrows, it is delightful to find one to whom yesterdays are sufficient. And such yesterdays as Col. Higginson had! They seem to have been one perpetual round of intellectual excitement. He has now arrived at the most important period in the history of American literature. Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes are just beginning to make themselves felt. Of these, Col. Higginson says, Emerson and Hawthorne have held their own more indisputably than the rest of the group. And he adds:—"Some who distinctly formed a part of the original Atlantic circle have signalized failed to develop staying power. It would scarcely have appeared possible, in those days, that the brilliant and popular Whipple, who was at that time thought a second Macaulay, should be at the end of the century an almost vanished force, while the eccentric and unsuccessful Thoreau—whom Lowell, and even his own neighbors, set aside as a mere imitator of Emerson—is still growing in international fame." Writing of those early days Col. Higginson says that "it is now far easier to organize a University Club on a fifty or one-hundred-dollar basis than it was then to skim the cream of intellectual Boston at five dollars a head." It is difficult to know just where to leave off quoting from this delightful paper.—Charles Miner Thompson writes of "Mark Twain as an Interpreter of American Character," and argues that it is the autobiographical quality in this writer's work that gives it its hold on the American people. Mr. Thompson's statements are nothing if not startling:—"Neither is Mark Twain—bold as the assertion may seem—a great humorist or a great wit. The soul of a jest is immortal. Mark Twain has shaken the sides of the round world with laughter, but after all, has he, in the mass of his writings, uttered any witticism which touches intimately, much less radiantly expresses, some eternal truth of life?"—Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick discusses Bryant's final place in American literature, and does not find him the great poet that he has been proclaimed to be by his admirers. Of Bryant's best-known poem, he says:—"‘Thanatopsis’ is a very extraordinary feat for a boy of eighteen years. Its language shows honest familiarity with the English Bible. Its thoughts are elevated, its manner is quiet and restrained. Dignity and ease, sensibility and self-command stand out conspicuous. But can we read a chapter from the Book of Job, and then turn to it and not be aware of a falling off? Can we set ‘Thanatopsis’ beside Gray’s ‘Elegy in a Country Churchyard,’ and not miss Gray’s wider thoughtfulness, deeper tenderness and surpassing art? Can we match it with ‘Lines Composed near Tintern Abbey?’ No, most assuredly. ‘Thanatopsis’ does not rank with these great poems, but it is a noble poem, and disappointing only in this, that it gives promise of a greater excellence, which Bryant never attained."—We miss The Contributors' Club, but Men and Letters seems to fill satisfactorily the gap caused by its absence.—Of timely interest is Mr. Arlo Bates's paper on "The Song o' Steam," in which he discusses, on a text furnished by Mr. Kipling's McAndrew, the possibility of the poetic treatment of machinery.

"The Century Magazine"

THE April *Century* is a Grant Memorial number. Gen. Horace Porter, who will deliver the oration at the dedication of the tomb, contributes a description of it, which is accompanied by a number of heretofore unpublished views. The frontispiece is a drawing of the tomb made by Castaigne. Both the views of the exterior and the interior of this tomb remind us forcibly of Napoleon's last resting-place. The sarcophagus is almost identical with that of the great French Captain. What Gen. Porter says of Grant's personal habits is most interesting:—"He ate less than any man in the army; sometimes the amount of food taken did not seem enough to keep a bird alive, and his meals were frugal enough to satisfy the tastes of the most avowed anchorite. It so happened that no one in the mess had any inclination to drink wine or spirits at meals, and none was carried among the mess's supplies. The only beverage ever used at table besides tea and coffee was water, although on the march it was often taken from places which rendered it not the most palatable or healthful of drinks. If a staff-officer wanted anything stronger, he would carry some commissary whisky in a canteen. Upon a few occasions, after a hard day's ride in stormy weather, the general joined the officers of the staff in taking a whisky toddy in the evening. He never offered liquor of any kind to visitors at headquarters. His hospitality consisted in inviting them to meals and to smoke cigars."—Thackeray at Weimar

GRANT MEMORIAL NUMBER



THE APRIL
CENTURY

will probably be read as eagerly as any paper in this number. Besides giving selections from letters and journals of Thackeray written during his visit to this famous town, there are a number of heretofore unpublished drawings by the novelist. We quote Thackeray's description of his first visit to Goethe:—"Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long expected invitation that the 'Herr Geheimrath' would see me. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey-drap redingote, with a white neck cloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy, his eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. * * * I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even at the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. * * * Vidi tantum: I saw him but three times—once walking in the garden of his house in the Frauenplan, once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet, fair face the earth has long since closed to." [Alma von Goethe died at the age of seventeen years, while on a visit in Vienna in 1844.]—The first chapters of a serial, "The Days of Jeanne D'Arc," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, promise a new interest in this heroic maid; while the first of a series of papers on "Mountain Bicycling in Europe," by Col. George E. Waring, will attract the enthusiastic wheelman, and wheelwoman, too, for Mrs. Waring accompanied her husband on his tour.

"Scribner's Magazine"

MR. LEWIS MORRIS IDDINGS's article on "Ocean Crossings," in the April *Scribner's*, will interest more readers in all probability than any other in the number. It is not only timely, this being the season of the year when the thoughts of the good American turn to Europe, but entertaining as well. Mr. Iddings is an experienced traveler, and his hints and advice will be found most practical. He does not give his information in cut and dried guide-book fashion, but agreeably, as one friend might tell another. As many of *The Critic's* readers are no doubt planning a trip abroad for the coming summer, we give what Mr. Iddings says on that very important subject—clothes needed for a voyage:—"One may perhaps venture to refer to such clothes as are put on at sea, because that certainly is not talking about the fashions. Formerly people wore their old things on shipboard, and presented the general appearance of guys. This is still done with impunity, but, since the voyage has been cut down to six days, half of which may be spent in one's berth, less effort is made to get a little more wear out of well-worn garments. Knickerbockers

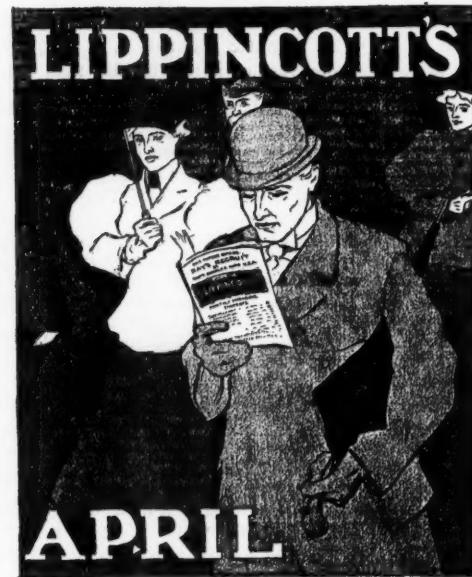
and sweaters, short skirts and gaiters are rather smart on deck if the weather is fine. The aged female sticks to her hood, and sometimes the pretty ones as well. It is the most suitable head-gear for women at sea, for it defies the penetrating wind, and there certainly is no comfort on deck unless one is warm. Gloves which come up high on the wrist are indispensable. A black coat and fair linen on a man at dinner respond sufficiently to the very slight attempts at dressing which ladies deem in good taste. Unless one has a sturdy stomach, diving into a trunk and making a toilet have a disturbing effect. It is on the homeward voyage, when the ship is going to her pier, that gay hats and pretty dresses make the decks bright, and when normal man returns to tall hats and new gloves and a cane."—Mr. Charles D. Lanier writes pleasantly of "The Oak Dwellers," by which he means the birds and animals that were his boyhood's friends. Although his business makes him more or less of an urbanite, Mr. Lanier's tastes are all for the country. He loves out-of-doors as every healthy man should, and writes of it in a way to make others who are less enthusiastic about the charms of Nature, share his love. —We wish to call special attention to the drawing on page 493, by Mr. Howard Cushing. We have seen few more refined, subtle or attractive portrait sketches. The Field of Art, where mention of the drawing is made, gives us no information concerning the artist. Upon inquiry we learn that the sketch was seen at an exhibition in Boston by the art director of the magazine, and that he at once secured it for reproduction. As a rule, the drawing of a half-opened mouth is not pleasant. It usually looks idiotic, but here it expresses alertness and an eager interest in life.

"The Looker-On"

MR. HENRY T. FINCK contributes to the April *Looker-On* a hearty tribute to Johann Strauss, and regrets (as do so many of us) that his operettas and waltzes are not often played in this country. Of the former he says that they contain "not only melodic treasures, but exquisite harmonies and dainty effects of orchestration, which Dvorák alone among living composers could rival"; and of the waltzes, that they show "a melodic fertility rivaling Schubert's." What then follows is so true and so refreshing in its straightforwardness that we cannot forego the pleasure of quoting it at length:—"I have been preaching for years that it is stupidly academical and pedantic to exclude such truly inspired pieces as Strauss's waltzes from the programs of our symphony concerts; but against stupidity, as Schiller has remarked, the gods themselves fight in vain. A symphony is considered all right, though it be the veriest trash; but a waltz that is a product of pure genius is tabooed, unless it is smuggled into a symphony—as by Tschaikowsky! What makes the situation the more peculiar is that pianists of the highest caliber never hesitate to insert waltzes by Chopin or Strauss on their programs. But then, pianists are their own bosses: they have no academic 'board of directors.' The taboo placed on the Strauss waltzes by the minor professional musicians who regulate orchestral concert affairs is seen in its full-blooded asinity when we bear in mind how the greatest composers of our century have honored and admired Johann Strauss. To begin with the two antipodes: Brahms wrote on Mme. Strauss's fan the first bars of the 'Blue Danube Waltz,' with the words: 'Not by Brahms, I regret to say.' And Richard Wagner wrote in 1863 that 'a single Strauss waltz surpasses in charm, refinement, and genuine musical value most of the imported and often laboriously manufactured products of foreign musicians.' * * * Moszkowski relates that once at a dinner Wagner proposed a toast 'to all musical geniuses from Bach to Johann Strauss'; and it is known that he often played his waltzes at Bayreuth, with more animation than skill. Liszt's admiration for Strauss was equally sincere, and * * * Rubinstein delighted in playing his waltzes."

"Lippincott's Magazine"

CAPT. Charles King does not vary much the formula of his stories as they succeed each other. He has found the result satisfactory to his readers in the past, so why should he make experiments with the unknown? In his new tale of army life, "Ray's Recruit," which forms the complete novel in this number of *Lippincott's*, we find, however, a more complicated plot than he usually provides. His hero is a private, a gentleman by birth and education, whom circumstances beyond his control have driven to enlist. He is tall, of course, handsome and *distinguished*, but falls first under suspicion of being a train-robbler, and then of being in league with thieves of stores and ammunition belonging to the Government. But it all comes right in the end. By the way,



Capt. King should know that an English earl is never "His Grace" of anything; and this reminds us that we have not mentioned the woman element of the story. For, of course, no story by Capt. King would be complete or successful without its love-affair, and "His Grace" is the recruit's rival.

"The Forum"

AMONG the contents of this number of *The Forum* we notice particularly a paper on "The Futility of the Spelling Grind," by Dr. J. M. Rice, who has made a series of researches that have led him to the conclusion that in learning to spell, maturity is the leading factor, while method plays only a subordinate part. He proposes that, since results prove that, beyond a certain minimum, the compensation for the time devoted to spelling is scarcely if at all appreciable, we should eliminate this element of waste.—Mr. E. A. Dithmar of the *New York Times* writes of "The Dramatic Critic: His Work and Influence," with, of course, the note of discouragement to aspirants which nearly all of us learn to sound about our own calling. Of the dramatic critic of the best kind he says that he sometimes reaches a position of authority, and becomes a "sort of minor or inferior lion—a cub, perhaps,—yet he never by any chance meets a human being who does not feel perfectly competent to speak the last word of judgment on any play or actor."—Dean Farrar speaks of "Some Opened Tombs and their Occupants," dwelling particularly on the desecration of Milton's grave in 1790; and Mr. F. B. Sanborn draws comparisons between Thoreau and Emerson.—M. Henri Rochefort, who makes a more than comfortable income by denouncing the rich, has a paper on "The United States and Cuba." We have not stopped to read it, but can guarantee that it contains the words American eagle, Spanish vulture, prey and titanic struggle.

"Harper's Magazine"

PRESIDENT DIAZ of Mexico has found a loyal friend in Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who writes him up in the April number of *Harper's*. We are inclined to think that Mr. Lummis is even more loyal than the king, for he appears to see no fault in his hero. President Diaz is undoubtedly a remarkable man, but we think that his present biographer sees him through rose-colored glasses. But whether we agree with Mr. Lummis or not, we find his article interesting. It is impossible to touch upon Mexico without getting picturesque results.—One need not necessarily be of a scientific turn of mind to read with enjoyment Prof. H. S. Williams's paper on "Paleontological Progress of the Century." It is interesting to know that scientists contend that primitive man appeared in the Connecticut River Valley, or perhaps in that newer country west of the Mississippi.—Mr. Poultney Bigelow's articles on "The White Man's Africa" are continued, and are full of information on a subject which, if not quite so absorbing in this country as in England, has even for us a lively interest, especially when told in an agreeable manner. Of course,



Jameson's raid could not escape so eagle-eyed a correspondent as Mr. Bigelow. His judgment is the newest and the freshest on the subject:—"Yet the Jameson raid has done South Africa this great service, that, for the first time in its history, the whole of that country, representing a dozen different territories or governments, has at last awakened to a sense of interdependency. The quarrel of the Transvaal has been taken up and seriously discussed in Natal and the Orange Free State, as well as in the Cape Colony, or at Delagoa Bay. There are Boers everywhere south of the Zambezi, and where there are not Dutchmen there are Africanders of English if not Boer origin, who resent English interference as an attempt to curtail their rights and local self-government. The Jameson raid drew so sharply the line between Dutch and English that the large class of Africanders was for the moment lost sight of; but I am convinced that in the event of Germany or any other nation attempting to meddle with South African affairs, all white Africanders—Boer, English, American, French, and even German—would unite in the defence of what is destined to be the United States of South Africa."—Among the subjects touched upon by Mr. Warner in *The Editor's Study* are New York as a Theatrical Centre, and Education by Means of Situation. New York's claims to being a theatrical centre are perhaps well founded, but, after all, there are cities—Boston and Chicago, for instance—that make up their own minds as to plays and actors. Their judgment is often better than ours, and sometimes worse. No city is infallible, though each believes that it is.—On the subject of Literature in the Public Schools Mr. Warner says:—"There is a great awakening all over the country in this matter of the education of young children and the introduction of literature into the beginning of school life. In its comments on the qualifications of teachers, the Study hopes it is not misunderstood. It is on the side of the teachers, and the elevation and remuneration of the profession. The body of teachers are working against public ignorance, public apathy, and in many regions against public stinginess in regard to education. All the late reforms have come from the teachers themselves. With great heroism and devotion, and small pay, they have worked to improve and broaden primary education. Everywhere they are making experiments how best to develop the mind and make our schools both fruitful and enjoyable to teachers and to the taught."—Not the least of the attractions of this number is a story by Mrs. Deland, called "The Wisdom of Fools."—A colored frontispiece is a novelty, but we have still much to learn from the French before we make a success of color-printing in magazines.

THE April *McClure's* contains a paper on Alexander Hamilton by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, with a number of life portraits of the great statesman and of his wife. Hamlin Garland tells of "Grant's Life in Missouri"; and Eila Fraser Weller contributes some unpublished letters of Gen. Sherman. A paper on decorative painting by Will H. Low is profusely illustrated.

London Letter

ENGLISH publishers sometimes complain that the booksellers do not take enough pains to introduce books to their customers, and no doubt some of the present apathy in the trade is due to the hesitation of the middleman to stock volumes whose sale is not a matter of certainty. But, whatever may be true as a general rule, one is continually struck by the ingenious means adopted by Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, one of the partners in the firm of Hatchards, to press the claims of deserving books upon the reading public. I cannot help thinking that, if other firms followed the example of this enterprising gentleman, bookselling would no longer continue a losing concern. For Mr. Humphreys is the wit who in that clever pamphlet, "Books of To-day and the Books of Tomorrow," writes, as Arthur Pendennis to his Belinda, of all the "beautiful" new books in his "beautiful" shop (as Dorothy Cruickshank would have it); and more than once has the present writer been moved by Mr. Humphreys's witticisms to go into the street and make his purchase. And now this week Mr. Humphreys has broken new ground. In a dainty, small quarto, tastefully bound in polished buckram, he sets forth an account of the *desiderata* of "The Private Library," and of the things that we do know, that we do not know and that we ought to know about our books. This pleasant volume is, to all intents and purposes, privately printed, though copies may, of course, be obtained at Messrs. Hatchards. To everyone who has a library, however small, and cares to read about the books he loves, it will afford an hour of real enjoyment. What, indeed, that can be said about books is omitted from this chatty little volume? We get discussions upon the important questions, What is a good edition? and, What is a fine copy? Likewise a chapter on "The Care of Books," another on "Book Binding"; an account of catalogues, with fitting references to the late Mr. Locker-Lampson and Mr. Edmund Gosse, while book-cases, reference books, hobbies and the like all receive attention. I should say that the book would be particularly popular in America, where bibliophiles are wont to congregate.

To speak of the stagnation of the book-trade—which now seems a chronic ailment, like the depression of the agriculturists—is to be reminded that rumors of war in the East are once more having their effect upon the libraries. People will not read books when the newspapers are so full of sensation, and some such idea seems to have animated Mr. Allen Upward, a young novelist of repute, who has actually laid aside his pen and started for the East, as a volunteer for the Greek army. Mr. Upward, who is best known, perhaps, as the author of "A Crown of Straw," and the remarkable series of "Secrets of the Courts of Europe," is about thirty years of age. He is the son of Mr. George Upward, a J. P. for Monmouth, and a member of the Bar. He obtained prizes for oratory, and has stood for Parliament. He practises as a barrister in Cardiff, but his chief ambition is to take rank as a poet. He has published some verse, and intends to make a bold bid for poetic reputation in the course of the next few years. Meanwhile, he writes fiction and fights for Greece. It will be gathered that he has much enthusiasm and a dash of impetuosity.

Mr. Robert S. Hichens, author of "The Green Carnation" and "An Imaginative Man," is attracting much attention by the remarkable novel "Flames," which has appeared during the last ten days. The reviewers seem to be agreed that he takes something like a definite position with this work, which is exceedingly fantastic and in places powerful. It is said that Mr. Hichens has as yet no vogue in America; but it will be astonishing if "Flames" does not make for him a public upon the other side. Its author is collaborating with Lord Frederic Hamilton upon a weird story, which will be published during the spring in one of the leading magazines. Details of Mr. Hichens's career have already appeared in these letters—upon the publication, if I remember rightly, of his "Imaginative Man."

Some weeks ago I made some allusions, which were intended to be quite good-natured, to what I understood to be a "collected edition" of the stories of Miss Fiona Macleod. These remarks were based upon a circular, just then widely distributed by her publishers, which certainly gave me the impression that they claimed to be issuing such an edition of that lady's admirable stories. It appears, however, that I was mistaken, and that Miss Macleod has been exposed to a good deal of correspondence by the paragraph, which seems to have been reprinted in a number of American newspapers. It gives me much pleasure, therefore, to correct the statement to the following effect. Miss Macleod is not "collecting" her stories. She could not do so, in any case, because they are distributed among various publishers. What

she is doing is to reprint in three volumes all those stories, with some new tales in addition, which have been already issued by Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. The romances, such as "The Mountain Lovers," which was published by Mr. John Lane, and "Green Fire" (Constable), remain with their original publishers.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has again changed his plans, and is now definitely announced to open his new theatre on April 22, with Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." At the same time he is busily preparing "Julius Caesar," and also purposes, during the first fortnight of his season, to give performances of M. Catulle Mendes's play without words, "Chand d'Habits." This little piece, which was originally produced last year at the Folies Bergères, has the reputation of being one of the best musical plays ever written. It opens sensationaly with a tableau representing Pierrot hanging from a lamp-post, as attempting suicide! Thence he is delivered by a "boofor lady"; but alas, he has no money wherewith to woo her, and to prove his gratitude. An old clothesman passes, with a basket full of costly garments. Thereupon, Pierrot slays the old man, and arrays himself in the garb of magnificence. His suit prosers, but the shadow of "Old Clo" pursues him. The ghost turns up at every inconvenient moment, and at last secures revenge by Pierrot's death in a duel. It will be interesting to see how the play succeeds here. Possibly, it will require a little Bowdlerization. The original was distinctly "French."

LONDON, 19 March 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Forest Reserves

IT IS GREATLY to be hoped that no pressure will induce President McKinley to undo his predecessor's last official act of great importance. We refer to the Washington's Birthday proclamation, withdrawing from sale over twenty-one million acres of public land, as an addition to the Government's forest reservations. Some eighteen millions were set aside for the same purpose by President Harrison, but the present addition of twenty-one millions more to the area of wooded land was urgently needed, if the work was to be made effectual.

All civilized countries have long been aware of the necessity of taking care of their forests, especially those of mountainous regions lying about the head waters of the rivers. No intelligent person needs to be told that forests attract rain and hold it, make soil and retain it, and that they are the most important agencies in preventing sudden floods and wash-outs, and in keeping up the water supply of our streams and rivers in the dry season. Deforested districts become arid wastes traversed by destructive torrents in winter, which leave dry channels or chains of stagnant pools in summer; and the rivers which should be fed by those streams become unnavigable for half the year. But it is not enough simply to preserve the forests from destruction; they ought to be carefully managed, in order that all the benefit possible may be obtained from them. Such management involves periodical thinning of the timber, of which the best should be regularly cut and removed, leaving the ground clear for new growth. By the present wasteful system, everything within reach of the axe is destroyed, that a part may be taken for use, and fires, which are the result of barbarous carelessness, destroy more than the axe. Under proper management there would be no decrease of the supply of timber, but it would become constant and regular, and no one would be able to monopolize it.

The same holds true of every other use that may be made of forest land. In most of the great European forests, mining, charcoal-burning, the stripping of bark for tanneries, and other forest industries are carried on, but in an economical manner. It is high time that some other rule were applied here than that of the first-comer's right to take everything in sight, and to destroy wantonly whatever he cannot make use of. The opposition to the forest commission—a commission made up of the best authorities we have, men of large practical experience as well as of unusual scientific attainments—is, so far as it is popular, founded on a prejudice against common or public rights of any sort, which should be no longer countenanced. No doubt, there is also, in some quarters, a not unnatural distrust of officialdom; but the worst results of official mismanagement are not so bad, in such cases, as those of private greed; and the names of Prof. Sargent, the author of our most valuable books on North American forest trees, of Prof. Brewer, of Gen. Abbott and Mr. Hague, the well-known explorers, and of Mr. Pinchot, whose European training and American experience should be of the greatest service, are the strongest guar-

antees we could have that the system which they are now elaborating will be thoroughly practical, and, if its execution be left in their hands, will be well applied. Meanwhile, President Cleveland's proclamation should remain in force.

The Fine Arts

Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

THE ONLY reminder of old times at this exhibition, is Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's "A Pavane," which is further called "a decorative panel." A pavane is one of the stately dances of the Renaissance, which may occasionally be seen on the modern stage; and Mr. Abbey's picture suggests, at once, stage grouping, scenery, costumes and the movements of well-trained actors. But to the conventions of the theatre are added conventions of the studio, which most of our artists have outgrown; and the picture looks flat and lifeless beside the more cleverly painted works of which the galleries are full. As a decoration, too, it seems tame, and, though many pigments have been used, it lacks color. But it is, again, almost alone in appealing to an interest other than a purely technical one, though it be only that which attaches to old clothes and bric-a-brac; and it may be that it will lead some of our younger artists back to the good old plan, so long ignored, of giving to the public what the public wants, namely, a hint of a story. Clever workmanship is now so common that the artist must either carry it to the point of beauty, or find an attractive subject if he would be noticed; and, while the latter way is open to everybody, it is becoming evident that few can reach real beauty of technique.

Mr. Sargent easily dominates this group. His portrait of a lady in white satin with a crimson background (No. 278) is perhaps not the cleverest of his works, but it is one of the most sympathetic; and in it he has attained that art which, if it does not conceal art, permits us to forget the amazing precision of his touch in our satisfaction with the general result. When work like this appears, we may be sure that merely technical progress has, for a time at least, reached high-water mark. Unexpectedly to ourselves, the work which we would put next to Mr. Sargent's is that of an artist who is best known as an illustrator of society stories, Mr. William T. Smedley. "A Mountain Lake" is, when one thinks of it, plainly a view from the grounds of a summer hotel; its broad walk down to the water's edge, its hydrangea-bush in blossom, and the dresses of the young women in the foreground, leave no doubt of that; but the real "motive" is a delightful effect of light and color, such as may visit hotel lawns as well as other places, and which the artist has made permanent on canvas. Mr. Edward H. Barnard's "A Summer Rain" is also a quite satisfactory rendering of a passing effect of light struggling through a heavy shower. One does not need to be particularly weather-wise to see that the downpour is not going to last; while Mr. Coffin's "A Passing Shower," equally clever in its way, belies its title and tells of settled heavy weather. This last mentioned artist's "Evening Calm," Mr. Birge Harrison's exquisite snow-scene, "Winter," Mr. Joe Evans's "Garden in Winchelsea," and Mr. Bruce Crane's "Signs of Spring," to which has been awarded the Webb prize, show that study of natural conditions may go hand in hand with the acquisition of technical skill. Yet, for the lazy or incapable artist, it would be as easy to appeal to science, or the love of nature, as to literature. What we would point out is that, while few artists can hope to win distinction by skill alone, every degree and kind of skill may find its proper subjects, the peculiar beauty of which it may adequately express.

Returning to the figure paintings, Mr. Winslow Homer's "The Look-Out" is a capital example of an interesting subject so well rendered that we do not need to think of it as such. It is a sailor's head by moonlight, with a background of dark rigging, and, like much greater works, it appeals to us at once as fact and as art, without our feeling the slightest incongruity between them. But such is not the case with most of the figure pieces in the exhibition. Their nature is artfully arranged, and their art is too frequently borrowed. The inevitable Botticelli girl, whose awkward graces and fluttering draperies have become familiar, is here in Mr. Milton Lockwood's "A June Reverie"; M. Besnard's studies of colored light have obviously inspired Mr. Hugh H. Breckinridge's "Lantern Globe"; and, if Hokusai and Mr. Whistler should each reclaim his own, there would not be much left of Mr. Albert Herter's "Robe Japonaise." Yet there is much highly interesting work by some painters whose names are unfamiliar. Mr. W. M. Chase, who is certainly not of these, has a charming little interior, "In the Studio." But Mr. Robert D. Ganley's "Moonlight, Assonan," Miss Laura Hill's clever pastel of a girl in an

enormous hat, "The Princess Osra," and Mr. August Franzen's "After the Day's Work," have qualities which may be developed with time. There is no important work of sculpture, but a number of pretty statuettes are disposed about the galleries, and some interesting experiments in patinated bronze are shown by Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett. The general impression left by the exhibition is one of unrest. The Society's motto, "Le Coeur au Métier," does not any longer express all the aims of the exhibitors, unless we extend the meaning of the phrase far beyond what it was at first intended to signify.

Art Notes

EDMOND CHARLES YON, the French landscape painter and etcher, who died recently in Paris, was born in that city in 1836, and began his career as a wood engraver, but became a pupil of Lequesne and developed a talent for painting. He was admitted to the Legion of Honor in 1886, and won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

—All but two of the remaining sixty-one pictures of the collection of the late Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball of Cleveland were sold in this city on March 26, fetching \$37,240. Although all the great names of art were represented, the prices realized were low, a portrait of Titian, by himself, for instance, fetching only \$2000. This was due to the fact that the genuineness of the pictures was in many cases not sufficiently established to satisfy connoisseurs. For the same reason the Cleveland public art gallery declined the offer of the gift of the whole collection.

Music

The Return of Dr. Dvorak

A GREAT MANY serious-minded lovers of music will be glad to know that Dr. Antonin Dvorak is coming back to this country, to resume the direction of the National Conservatory of Music. When he was here before, not a tenth part of those who ought to have flocked to him for instruction did so, yet he wielded a great and beneficent influence upon the musical thought of the country. It is one thing to receive the completed score of a new work from abroad, but altogether a different thing to have the work fashioned and produced here. Somehow the process of construction leaks out. We seem to have watched the creation grow in the composer's mind, and we become keenly sensible to the influences which moved him in its making. The same influences are around us. They are knocking at our doors, yet we seem to know not how to admit them till a great man leads the way. Dr. Dvorak did more by the production of his "From the New World" symphony and his American chamber music to spur native composers to new effort than has yet appeared. The seed which he sowed has just begun to bear fruit, but the fruit is not yet ripe.

No doubt the old discussion as to the national character of Dr. Dvorak's music will be revived. Critics who failed to perceive the genuine freshness and originality of the thematic matter in the American symphony declared that there was nothing specifically American about it. They went further and said that there was no such thing as American music, and that there could not be because we had no folk-tunes. Yet that was practically what Dr. Dvorak admitted. He told us that the only folk-tunes to be found in our country were the songs of the Negroes and the chants of the Indians. Thereupon the opponents of his ideas said that most of the Negro tunes were imported, and that the Indian chants were distinctly oriental in character. But Dr. Dvorak wisely held that these facts made no difference in his theory, because the Negro tunes had acquired a local color and were "understood of the people." They had become naturalized and had acquired the rights and privileges of American citizenship. They had the love, the sympathy and the comprehension of all classes of our people, and they shared with the Indian chants the power to express to Americans, as no other music could, the atmosphere, the feelings and the energies of America. Therefore Dr. Dvorak held that American composers ought to look to these folk tunes for their inspiration, that they ought to borrow from them their rhythms, their melodic progressions and the suggestions for their harmonic schemes. Dr. Dvorak showed us how to make themes after these models, and taught us how to treat those themes in the pure classic forms, but with the most lovely romantic spirit.

Already American composers have turned their attention to the field opened to them by the famous Bohemian. No doubt the return of Dr. Dvorak will prove to be an incentive to further effort.



FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SPINK

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK

It is, indeed, probable that he himself will write some more American music while he is here. Some of his opponents hailed with sarcasm his return to his old Bohemian thought in the work written since he returned to Europe! Strange, indeed, that he could not write American music in Europe! But even if he does not follow his former plan, his presence will be influential. It will be a good thing to have one of the world's great composers living here. Little original music has been produced in America of late. Great works by Americans are as scarce as black lilies. Dr. Dvorak is still on the sunny side of weariness, and his vigor ought to be an incentive to our young musicians to put forth new efforts.

He was born in the village of Nelahozevis, on the Moldau, on 8 Sept. 1841, and got his first music lessons from the village teacher, Josef Spitz. His most serious instruction, however, was obtained at the Prague Organ School. In his early days he tried to write *à la* Wagner, and deservedly failed. Then he turned to Slavonic thought and succeeded. Since that time he has been a firm believer in nationalism in music. The "Slavonic Dances" of 1878 made Dvorak famous. Perhaps some neglected genius may even now be fashioning "Slave Dances" that shall lead to fame. Who knows?

It was Dr. Dvorak who started the annual prize competitions at the National Conservatory, and it is his intention to continue them. The fifth competition will be held next season. Manuscripts should be sent to the Conservatory between Sept. 1 next and 15 Jan. 1898. Three prizes are offered—\$300 for the best symphony, \$200 for the best overture and \$200 for the best piano or violin concerto. The awards will be made on or about 15 May 1898.

Music Notes

THE Board of Education is contemplating the appointment of a Supervisor of Music for the public schools. The place is an important one, indeed, and happily the man for the place is at hand. That Mr. Damrosch will be the Board's choice there can be little doubt.

Senator Roach of North Dakota has introduced a bill "to promote the purposes of the National Conservatory of Music of America," appropriating \$25,000 for the use of the Conservatory "to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, after the adoption by him of a plan having for its object the diffusion of musical knowledge and the education of citizens of the United States and others in the various branches of music." Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, the founder of the Conservatory, has long cherished a plan to nationalize her educational work in music, and the present bill seems to bring its realization within reach.

Education

THE New York Law School bill passed the Assembly by a vote of 118 yeas to 6 nays, on March 24, the negative votes being those of Messrs. T. P. Sullivan, Sanger, Sweet, Laimbeer, Hobbie and Mathewson. The bill empowers the New York Law School to confer the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Laws, and makes it independent of the Board of Regents so far as examinations and the conferring of degrees are concerned. Messrs. Sanger and Laimbeer, graduates of the Columbia Law School, argued that the passage of the bill threatened to destroy the educational standard set up by the Board of Regents, and that any differences existing between the New York Law School and Columbia College might be settled without the intervention of the Legislature. Col. Sanger held that the Legislature should not pass a special bill, affecting one school only, and granting to one institution rights in opposition to the rules of the Regents. (See *The Critic* of Feb. 20, page 136, and March 27, page 222.)

The Public Education Society has begun to decorate our public schools with pictures. The first school selected was Primary School No. 25, in Wooster Street, and this was followed by the girls' department of Grammar School No. 3, at Grove and Hudson Streets. The plan is to furnish the schools in the poor quarters first. Miss Merrill, Supervisor of Kindergartens, is endeavoring to embellish the school-rooms with plants and flowers.

M. Bruneti  re has accepted the invitation of Columbia University to speak under its auspices during Easter week, April 20-27. He will deliver five addresses on "The Literature of the Past Twenty-seven Years, from 1870 to 1897." The subject will be subdivided into Poetry, the Drama, the Novel, History, and Criticism. M. Bruneti  re will lecture in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on April 12, 14, and 15. The subject will be Moli  re. On April 19 Prof. de Sumichrast will give a lecture there on M. Bruneti  re's criticisms and writings.

The Council of the University Settlement Society has bought a site for the new Settlement House on the southeast corner of Irvington and Eldridge Streets. The price paid is \$58,000, which exceeds by \$10,000 the building fund in hand. It is stated, however, that a member of the Council has temporarily advanced the required balance. The Society cannot begin to build until at least \$35,000 has been subscribed. The present quarters, at No. 26 De Lancey Street, are entire inadequate.

The New York Society Library is contemplating the advisability of building a new home further uptown. The Library was organized in 1754.

The March bulletin of the New York Public Library records gifts of 109 volumes and nine pamphlets from Philip Schuyler, twenty-nine volumes from the New Hampshire State Library, fourteen volumes and 235 pamphlets from Ernest Ingersoll, 134 volumes and 374 pamphlets from the Rev. E. W. Gilman, nineteen historical pamphlets from Nathaniel Paine and a collection of early Virginia manuscripts from Alexander Maitland.

The American Bible Society Library is to be added to the Lenox Library collection. It includes over 5300 volumes, chiefly various English editions of the Bible.

Mr. Oscar S. Straus has informed the Trustees of the Baron de Hirsch fund of the intention of Baroness de Hirsch to add \$1,800,000 to the Hirsch Fund for the amelioration of the condition of Hebrew immigrants in this country. The Baroness will also pay off the \$100,000 mortgage upon the Educational Alliance, and build a new home for the trade school in place of the one now rented in East 9th Street.

Yale repeated its victory of last year in the debate with Harvard University, at Sanders Theatre, on March 26. The question was:—"Resolved, That the United States should adopt definitely the single gold standard, even if Great Britain, France and Germany should be willing to enter a bimetallic league." Harvard selected the subject, and Yale had the choice of sides, taking the negative. Each speaker was allowed twelve minutes on his first appearance and five minutes for his closing speech. Yale was represented by Messrs Charles Upson Clark of Brooklyn, a senior in the academic department; Charles H. Studinski of Pueblo, Col., also a senior; and Charles S. MacFarland of Melrose, Mass., a senior in the theological department. The judges were Judge Edgar A. Aldrich of the United States Circuit Court; Prof. Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia.

President Gilman announces that Baron de Coubertin, President of the Union Fran  aise des Universit  es d'Am  rique, offers to give annually in the Johns Hopkins University a medal, to be known as the Tocqueville Medal, to that student of Johns Hopkins who shall have written the best essay on some subject in historical or political science taken from French history or politics from 1819 to 1890.

Kenyon College, Ohio, has received \$5000 from the estate of the late J. Sullivan Warren of Brookline, Mass., who died in 1867, leaving to his widow a life estate in his property. Mrs. Warren died recently.

Three recent gifts to the Boston Public Library are reported. The Thursday Fine Arts Club, a class of young women who have been using the department for research, gives \$200 to be expended in purchasing works for the fine arts department. The children of the late Benjamin Apthorp Gould of Cambridge give, "without conditions or restrictions," 691 bound volumes and 3414 unbound pamphlets, reports, etc., of scientific material relating to meteorology, astronomy and physics, especially concerning the Argentine Republic. Mr. Augustus Hemenway presents a copy of Bergomensis (Jacobus Philippus Foresti) "Novissimae Historiarum Omnium Repercussions," printed in Venice by Georgius de Ruscinibus, 1502-1506. There is a chapter, "De Quatuor Permaximis Insulis in India," etc., in which is given an account of Columbus and his voyages. The library already possesses a copy, dated 1506.

By the will of the late Mr. Deury of Aleudo, Ill., who is said to have been the largest individual land-owner in the United States, the use of the entire estate is left to his widow, but at her death ninety-one hundredths will go to the William and Vashti College, to be established in Mercer County, in the town that will give the largest amount to aid the college.

Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court began his lectures to the Yale Divinity School on April 2. He spoke on "Suggestions to the Ministry from a Layman's Point of View."

President M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the Western University of Pennsylvania. St. Andrews University has bestowed the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Miss Eug  nie Sellers, a former pupil of Furtw  ngler, well known as a lecturer on art and archaeology. The degree was given in recognition, especially, of a translation, with notes, of Pliny's Letters on Art, which was made by Miss Sellers in collaboration with Miss Katharine Jex-Blake, daughter of the head master of Rugby. This is the first time that St. Andrews has thus honored a woman.

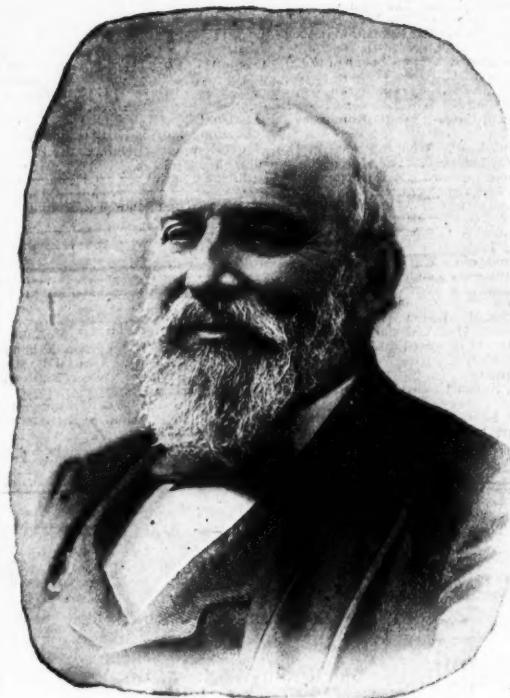
The Department of Library Economy at the Amherst Summer School will be open on July 5-Aug. 13, under the guidance of Mr. W. I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College. Particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. Fletcher at Amherst, Mass.

The Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome will offer for the year 1897-98 two fellowships of \$600 each, established respectively by the Managing Committee and the Archaeological Institute of America; and one of \$500, for the study of Christian archaeology, contributed by friends of the School. Applications must be sent before May 1 to the Chairman of the Committee on Fellowships, Prof. C. L. Smith, 64 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Mass., or the Director of the School, Prof. Minton Warren, Via Gaeta 2, Rome, from both of whom application blanks may be obtained.

The University of Notre Dame has conferred the Ltare medal for 1897 on Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the founder, with Dr. Marion Sims, of the Women's Hospital in this city. The medal will be presented to him by Archbishop Corrigan.

Oliver Optic

WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS, known widely to young readers as Oliver Optic, who died in Boston on March 27, was born at Medway, Mass., on 30 July 1822. He started life as a teacher, and was appointed principal of a grammar school in Dorchester in 1842. He was successively usher and principal of the Boylston School in Boston, and later was transferred, at his own request, to the Bowditch School. He resigned the latter situation in 1865, to devote himself entirely to literary work. He was a member of the school committee of Dorchester, Mass., where he went to live, and a zealous worker in the cause of education. He travelled extensively, and endeavored to make the details of geography and history in his tales for the young as accurate and reliable as they could be made.



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MR. W. T. ADAMS

The list of these books is, indeed, a long one. It comprises 116 volumes, divided into several series, without counting nine volumes of *Oliver Optic's Magazine* (1867-75). Mr. Adams edited, also, for many years *Our Little Ones' Annual*. The total circulation of his books is estimated at 500,000 copies, a number that is likely to grow, as Mr. Adams succeeded from the start in winning the favor of his young readers, and kept it to the last.

Notes

MARK TWAIN is at present in London engaged in writing an account of his lecturing-trip to Australia, India, South Africa, etc. It will be in the style of the immortal "Innocents Abroad," and will be published in the fall—by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in England, and by the American Publishing Co. of Hartford in this country. The book will be a large octavo, illustrated, and will be sold by subscription only. The American Publishing Co. is preparing a uniform edition of all of Mark Twain's works, including those now published by the Messrs. Harper. It will be in fifteen volumes; and there will be an *édition de luxe* of 250 copies, signed by the author. The Harpers will continue to publish their own editions of Mr. Clemens's later writings.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on April 9 "Saint Eva," by Amelia Pain, wife of Barry Pain, the well-known novelist; "The Landlord at Lion's Head," by W. D. Howells; a new edition of Samuel Johnson's "Alexander Pope," edited by Kate Stephens; "How to Tell a Story, and Other Essays," by Mark Twain; and "An Experiment in Education," a work on new methods of teaching children, by Mary R. Alling-Aber.

—Besides his novel, "When the Century was New," the J. B. Lippincott Co. has in preparation a volume of outdoor essays by Dr. C. C. Abbott, with photogravure illustrations of some of the author's favorite localities.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in preparation "The King of the Park," by Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe." The book is intended for children and teaches kindness to animals. This firm will add to its series of booklets "Ships and Havens," by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke; "The Christ-filled Life," by the Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President-elect of the Union Theological Seminary; and "Heavenly Recognition," by the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have just secured two original manuscripts by Charlotte Brontë, one being an unpublished

story, "Julia," and the other a collection of poems, most of them unpublished. The writing is very fine, most of the letters being formed separately. The "Julia" is signed "C. Brontë, June 29, 1837." They have also acquired a volume of poems and songs by Anne Brontë, and an unfinished story by Patrick Bramwell Brontë, their brother. It is called "Percy," is signed Oct. 20, 1837, and consists of twenty-six closely written pages. Bramwell Brontë was about twenty years old at the time, and it is not known that he ever did any writing thereafter.

—Mr. Edward Bellamy has published no book in the ten years since "Looking Backward" appeared. It is now stated, however, that a new work from his pen will soon see the light.

—Among the announcements of the Macmillan Co. are a new novel by Mrs. Florence Annie Steel, "In the Tideway"; "The Social Teachings of Jesus: An Essay in Christian Sociology," by Shaler Matthews; and "The Myths of Israel: The Ancient Book of Genesis," with analysis and explanation of its composition, by Amos K. Fiske.

—Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. have in preparation "Annals of Switzerland," by Miss Julia M. Carlton, and a "History of the Waldenses," by Mme. Sophia Bompiani.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will print at their Knickerbocker Press the limited edition of the "Records of the City of New Amsterdam," now being prepared by order of the city, under the supervision of Mr. Berthold Fernow. The work will be complete in seven volumes, and a number of sets will be sold to the public by subscription, at \$1.50 per volume. Vol. I will be ready some time in May.

—The second publication of the Marion Press is "The Wish; sometimes called 'The Old Man's Wish,'" written by Dr. Walter Pope, Fellow of the Royal Society, reprinted from the first edition, with a short life of the author, by Mr. Beverly Chew. Only 120 copies have been printed, on hand-made paper, and bound in half-calf. The book is sold by Mr. F. Hopkins, Jamaica, L. I.

—The first part of the library of the late Edward Hale Bierstadt will be sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co. on April 5-8. The second part will be put under the hammer on April 19-22.

—The Boston *Transcript* says:—"The bringing of the famous Bradford manuscripts deposited in the library of Fulham Palace, containing the records of the early history of the Pilgrim Fathers and their voyage to America in the Mayflower, back to Massachusetts is due to Senator George F. Hoar. When he was in England last summer he called on Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, now Archbishop of Canterbury, who showed him the precious diary. Mr. Hoar suggested that the true place for it was in Massachusetts, and the Bishop agreed that that was so, and said that he would do all he could to bring about such an agreement. It was necessary, also, to get the consent of the Archbishop, as the library belongs to the bishopric and is thus the property of the Church. The Archbishop died recently, and Dr. Temple succeeded him."

—It is said that ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell will be nominated for Ambassador to Germany by President McKinley. Another appointment that should be noted in these pages is that of Mr. Charlemagne Tower, the author of "The Marquis de Lafayette in the American Revolution," as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary.

—To-day being the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's seventy-fifth birthday, the Lend-a-Hand Advisory Committee has conceived the idea of marking its occurrence in some special manner, preferably by raising an endowment for the Lend-a-Hand clubs.

—It is said that Prof. Drummond left ample material for a biography, though, according to the London *Academy*, no writer has yet been decided upon. The general impression seems to be that Dr. James Stalker, who was his life-long friend, will undertake the work. During his illness many prominent men journeyed long distances to visit him. Prof. George Adam Smith was often at his bedside. He retained full intellectual consciousness to the end, and one of his last messages was to Mr. Moody, the evangelist.

—The bill to prevent the exhibition of kinetoscopic views of prize-fights in the District of Columbia and the territories has been favorably reported by the judiciary committee. It prohibits, also, the mailing of prize-fight pictures, and their receipt from common carriers.

—The Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") says:—"I have ignored the charge of heresy brought against me, as it is

simply vexatious. I shall not notice it in any way, unless the matter is referred to in the Synod, who will undoubtedly reject the charge. If it is sent to the Presbytery, I shall of course defend myself to the bitter end, and with counsel and otherwise. I wish you would thank my many friends in America for their kindness. They need not be alarmed about my orthodoxy."

Publications Received

American Authors: 1795-1895.
American Catalogue: 1890-1895.

Answer of the Archbishops of England to the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII.

Atherton, Gertrude. Patience Sparkhawk and Her Times.

Benson, A. C. Lord Vyett, and Other Poems.

Boothby, Guy. The Fascination of the King.

Carus, Paul. Homilies of Science.

Castle, Edward J. Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson and Greene.

Clark, F. T. The Mistress of the Ranch.

Cooper, J. F. The Last of the Mohicans.

Corelli, Marie. Ziska.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

Ed. by W. T. Brewster.

Eugene Field: An Auto-Analysis.

Frederic, Harold. In the Sixties. The Lawton Girl.

Brother's Wife. 4 vols. \$1.50 each.

Griffis, W. E. Corea.

Hall, C. C., and Others. Christian Worship.

\$1.50.

Boston: P. K. Foley.
New York: Publishers' Weekly.
Longmans, Green & Co.

\$1.50. John Lane.

Rand, McNally & Co.

Open Court Pub. Co.

London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

Harper & Bros.

Ed. by C. F. Richardson.

Longmans, Green & Co.

Stone & Kimball.

Chicago: The Book Shop.

Longmans, Green & Co.

Chicago: The Book Shop.

In the Valley. Seth's

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Hamerton, P. G. The Mount. \$2.
Hardy, Thomas. The Well-Beloved. \$1.50.
Harris, W. T. Art Education the true Industrial Education. 50c. C. W. Bardeen.

Hurst, Julius H. Stephen Lescombe. \$1.50.

Hutton, W. H. The Church of the Sixth Century. \$1.75.

Longmans, Green & Co.

Johnson, R. U. Two Tributes to Greece.

De Vinne Press.

Jokai, Maurus. Eyes Like the Sea. 50c.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Levi, John K. The Lawyer's Secret. \$1.25.

F. Warne & Co.

Macleod, Fiona. Tragic Romances. 3 vols.

London: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.

Martin, A. W. What Science Has Done for Religion. Tacoma: City Printing Co.

Mather, Marshall. The Sign of the Wooden Shoon. \$1.25.

Merrick, Leonard. A Daughter of the Philistines. \$1.25.

R. F. Fenno & Co.

Mills, W. Scarlet or White? \$1.

National Arbitration Committee. A Memorial to The Senate of the United States.

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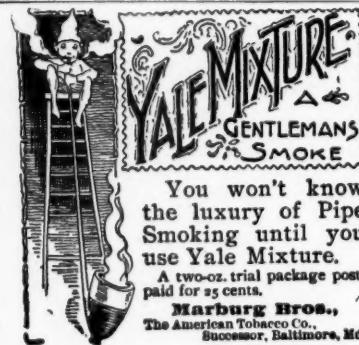
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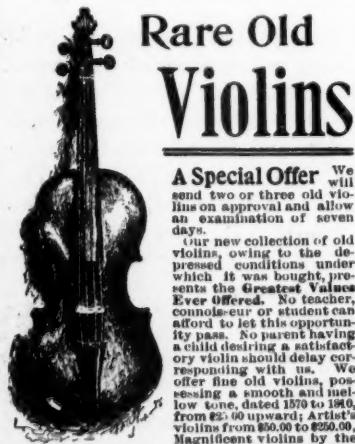
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